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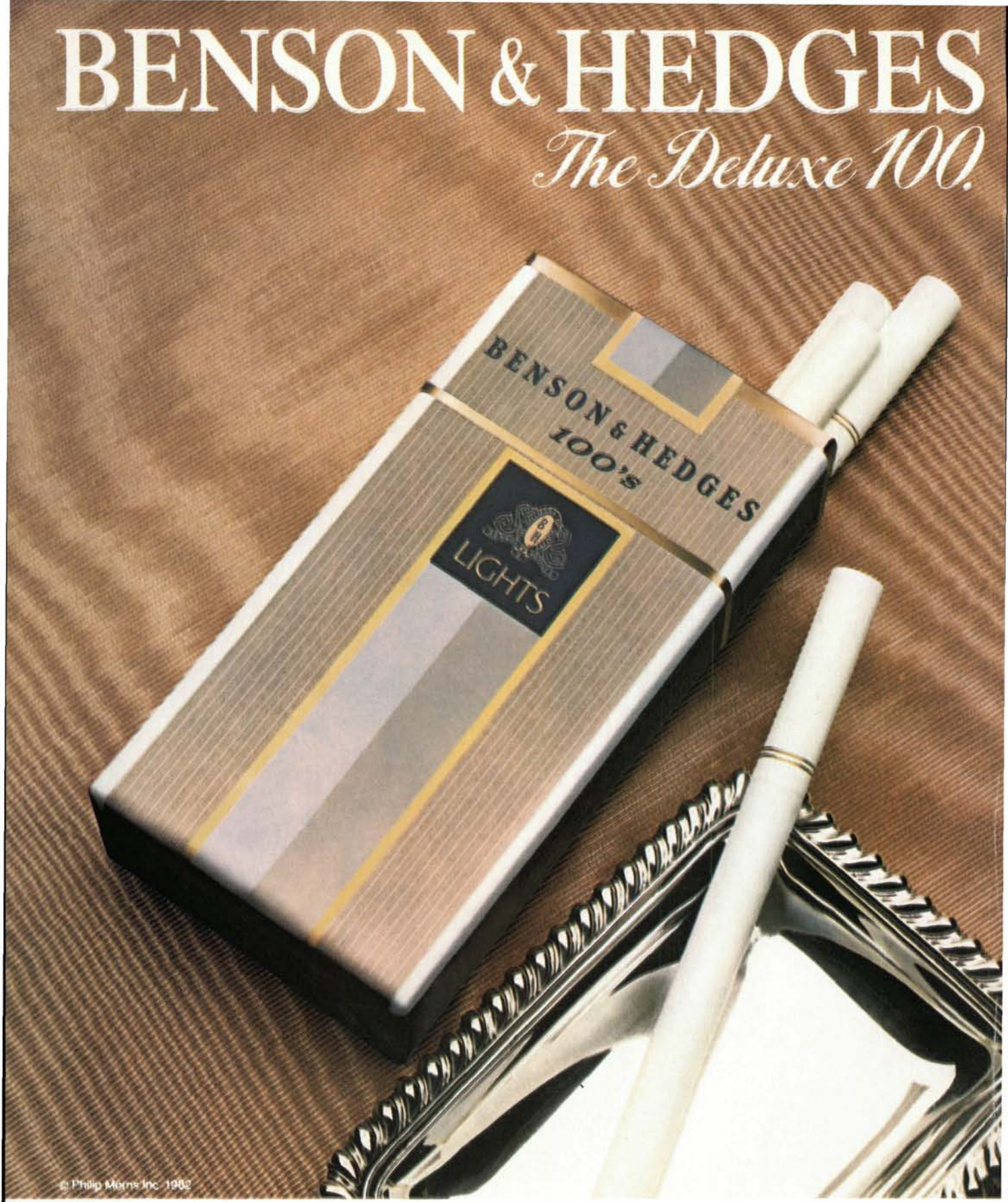

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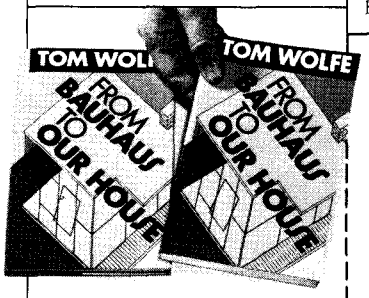

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On the first anniversary of crude oil decontrol

On January 28, 1981, President Reagan ended all price regulations on crude oil and oil products, completing ahead of schedule a decontrol program begun in June, 1979. In January, 1981, for the first time in 10 years, the marketplace, and not government edict, entirely determined the price of crude oil.

Now, after one year of free market operation, three conclusions are clear:

- The market system is better for consumers.
- The market system is better for the U.S. economy.
- The market system is better for U.S. energy security.

These conclusions are based on facts like these:

- U.S. crude oil production has remained basically level for the past two years. Compared with the 11 percent decline that took place between 1970 and 1979—from 9.6 million to 8.5 million barrels a day—this is a tremendous turnaround. It has been achieved not only by increased production in Alaska but by slowing the production decline in the lower 48 states. This has been accomplished by increased drilling and the greater use of enhanced recovery techniques—primarily injecting steam to recover more petroleum. And these developments were a direct response to the elimination of price controls.
- With production holding steady and consumption declining, oil imports dropped by 27 percent in just two years—from 8.5 million barrels a day in 1979 to 6.2 million in 1981. And part of that total helped increase U.S. security because 5 percent of imports went directly into our Strategic Petroleum Reserve.
- For the future, increased drilling activity gives promise of greater additions to America's reserves, to compensate for the oil produced and consumed each year. The average number of active rotary rigs in use increased by 34 percent in 1980 over 1979, to a record total of 2,915, and this number rose by a further 37 percent in 1981, to 3,974. These increases nearly tripled the annual rate of rig activity compared to the years of crude oil price controls. The number of wells drilled rose to 60,845 in 1980 (breaking a record established in 1956) and then rose again to about 79,000 in 1981.
- Finally, the price of gasoline remained stable through 1981. Initially, gasoline prices had risen 7-8 cents a gallon after all controls were removed (and shortly after a round of world crude oil price increases), and critics were predicting they'd go 20 cents higher still by the end of the summer. Instead, prices leveled off in March and, in constant dollars, actually fell by over a dime by the end of the year.

The lesson of all this is clear. Price controls do not work; the free market does. As we enter 1982, the debate will shift to the decontrol of natural gas. We hope the lessons of crude oil and gasoline decontrol will not be forgotten.

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APRIL 1982

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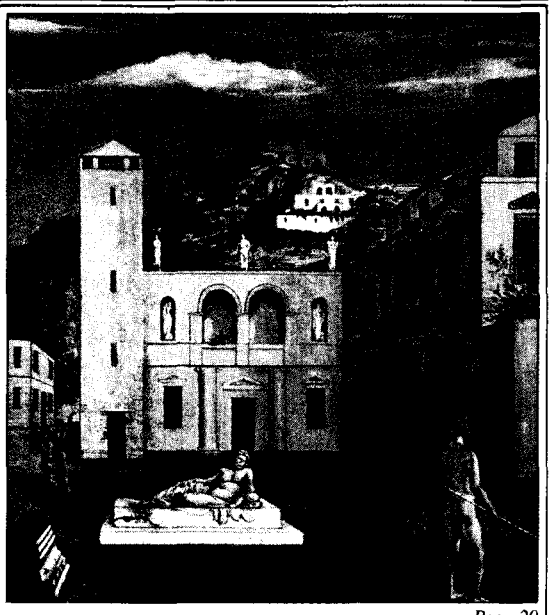

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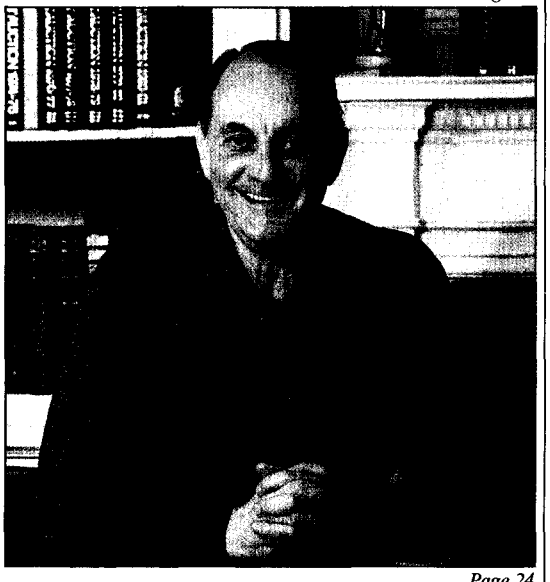

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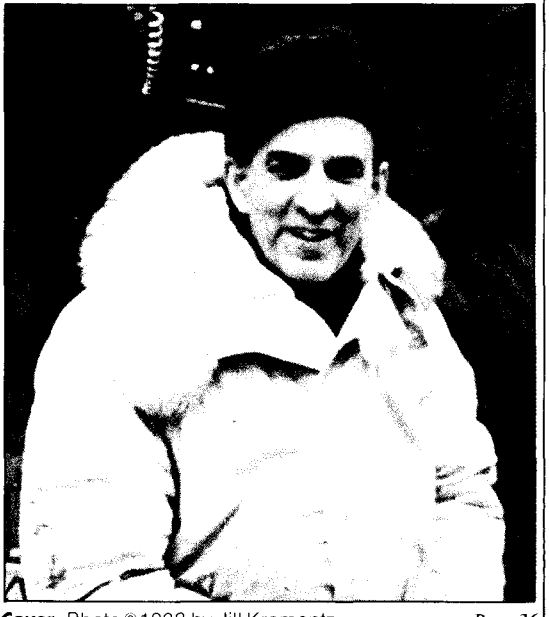

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It's Their Art That Counts

I commend *Saturday Review* for its open-minded, unbiased approach to individual cultural contributions. I refer specifically to the articles you ran on two black performers: "Simon Estes Comes Home" [January] and "The Struggle to Be James Earl Jones" [February]. Contributions that black performers have made to all the arts have been largely ignored, and thus underrated and underappreciated by the public. I'm glad to see that *SR* is making up for the neglect.

Jennie Santos
New York, New York

I had just finished reading an article by Elin Schoen in the *New York Times* about James Earl Jones when my February issue of *Saturday Review* was delivered. From Michelle Green's article in *SR* ["The Struggle to Be James Earl Jones"], I learned that Mr. Jones's "wide green eyes are watchful," when I already had learned from Elin Schoen that Mr. Jones's "blue eyes seemed to darken." It just goes to show, once more, that color is in the eye of the beholder.

Helen B. Painter
Brewton, Alabama

The Bellow Legend

The graying of Saul Bellow did not start, as Helen Dudar's January cover story suggests, with *The Dean's December*. Rather it has been a steady process of decay since *Herzog*. Unfortunately, the critical establishment that should have been monitoring this creative decline, has instead been active in the creation of the Bellow legend. Year by year, the portrait of Bellow as a plodding academic warrior who marries too much, loves too well, and is always in litigation began to take on more importance than the work he created.

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles, California

Saturday Review, the rich man's *People* magazine, did a super job on Saul Bellow! It's a relief to know that this great man, just a short time after the Nobel "came to him," is already "wasted," "strange," "tired," and, most unsettling of all, "bleached." Is Ms. Dudar opposed to bleaching per se, or does she simply not like the one Bellow uses?

M. Rapp
Rochester, New York

If Helen Dudar were capable of looking more closely, perhaps more is to be gleaned from Saul Bellow's masterful new work, *The Dean's December*, than her recent review implies. Richness of quality has always been Bellow's forte. There has been no "suppression" of Bellow's natural style in his new book, just the usual candor, insight, and humor that make a Bellow novel so rewarding.

Dan Kranstover
Oakridge, Oregon

Boulez's Bunker

Reading about Pierre Boulez "enthroned in his dream laboratory at IRCAM" ["The Electronic World of Pierre Boulez" by G.S. Bourdain, February], I felt a new sympathy for the underprivileged composers of the past. Bach had no technology beyond a crude "box of whistles." Think what he might have accomplished with "studios, laboratories, anechoic chamber, computer room," etc.

Ronald W. Angel, M.D.
Palo Alto, California

Note: Dreamgirls was incorrectly listed in a recent advertising insert, The New York Calendar of the Arts. It is playing at the Imperial Theater.

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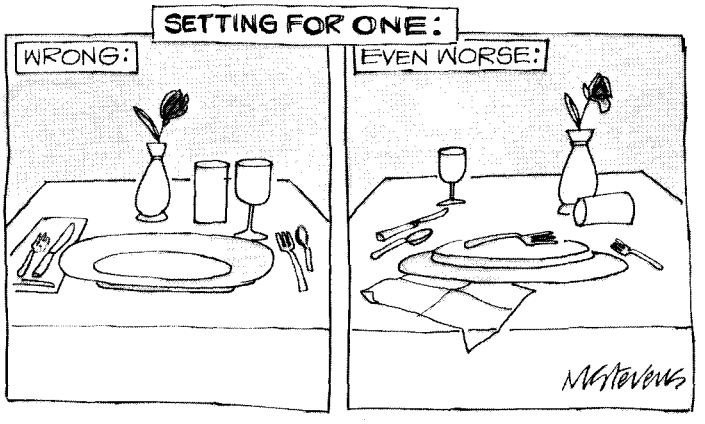

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★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

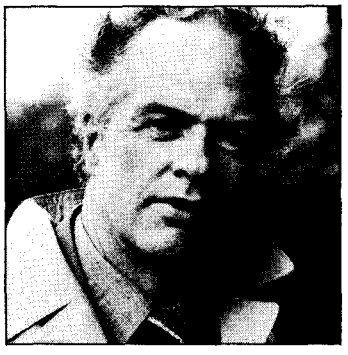
The Second Coming of D.M. Thomas

What made D.M. Thomas run? The author of the best-selling novel *The White Hotel* caused a ruffle when he resigned a five-month teaching engagement at American University in Washington, D.C., after only one week of residency last January.

From his home in Hereford, England, Thomas says that he fled his teaching commitment because remaining in the limelight for an extended period "would have messed up my whole attitude toward myself as a writer.... Being a writer is a private business that demands being ordinary; a public figure is expected to be extraordinary."

But this spring, Thomas is returning to the U.S. to promote the paperback edition of *The White Hotel*. His appearances range from a spot on *The Today Show* to a reading before the American Academy of Poets. Pocket Books hopes the novel will be another "class-mass" hit on the order of *The World According to Garp*. Pocket Books has released one million copies of the novel with five different covers, and promotional gimmicks include *White Hotel* key chains and note paper. While the prospect of five months in the public eye alarmed Thomas, he is obviously willing to take on a short stint.

Barry Chabot, chairman of American University's literature department, remains angry at Thomas. Pocket Books, Chabot says, "told Thomas forcefully what was expected of him" as a star author. Chabot also denounces the hoopla initiated by the *Washington Post*, which threw a big bash for Thomas on the day he arrived and began preparations for a lengthy profile. Ironically, that story later broke the news of Thomas's retreat. Chabot had to get AU faculty member Doris Grumbach, herself a novelist and critic, to explain the pressures of celebrity to disappointed students. Would American University ask Thomas back to teach? Chabot's reply: "Not tomorrow."—R.R.H.



JOYCE HAVILD

Author Thomas: first a hasty exit, now a return engagement.

Nicol Williamson and Jill Clayburgh in *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can.*

Pill-maker vs. Filmmaker

The new Jill Clayburgh movie, *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*, adapted from Barbara Gordon's memoir of her battle against Valium addiction, has produced some high-powered skirmishes offscreen.

Hoffmann-La Roche, manufacturer of the drug, has publicly questioned the accuracy of the film. In an official statement, the company contends that the facts of Barbara Gordon's case "are in marked disagreement with those depicted in the book and, in part, repeated in the film." According to a company spokesman, "The film virtually ignores her long history of severe emotional problems and years of intense psychoanalytic treatment." The risk of dependence on Valium, maintains the drug company, "is extremely low."

But Paramount, which hired a drug expert as a consultant, insists the film is "medically accurate." Although the script underwent revisions, says vice-president John Gould, "all changes made were directions from the person we hired to give us facts. Not one change came about because of problems Hoffmann-La Roche had with the movie."

Gordon, an award-winning television producer, has brought a product liability suit against Hoffmann-La Roche, and she insists that she sticks "by every word of my book." But she too is dissatisfied with elements of the film. Gordon's attorney, Alfred Julien, claims, "It's not a faithful portrayal of her story. Facts have been changed for dramatic effect without her consent." Julien says Gordon's psychiatrist never told her that Valium requires a gradual withdrawal, as the film's psychiatrist makes clear. "And the amount of the drug is misrepresented," says Julien. In the book, Gordon declares she takes 30 milligrams of Valium a day. In the movie, the heroine says she takes up to 90 milligrams a day.

Will Hoffmann-La Roche sue Paramount? "We're keeping our options open," says a company spokesman. —S.H.

No Sale for Betty Friedan

Time was when readers could look forward to inexpensive mass-market paperback editions of most books about a year after hardcover publication. Times may be changing.

The auction for paperback rights to Betty Friedan's *The Second Stage*—a feminist manifesto outlining new strategies for the women's movement—did not result in a sale. Summit Books's editor-in-chief James Silberman says that the top bid was "significantly higher" than the rumored $10,000, but still not high enough to justify selling the rights. Instead, Summit will issue its own higher-priced "trade" paperback edition—a riskier marketing technique. "I was surprised by the low level of the bidding," Silberman says, in light of Friedan's earlier book, *The Feminine Mystique*, which has sold more than two million copies in paperback.

But one paperback-rights buyer claims that Friedan's latest book has not done very well in hardcover, and many of the 45,000 copies now in stores may eventually be returned to Summit. Moreover, the reprint-rights market is soft—and paperback houses are becoming wary of nonfiction titles that don't make the best-seller lists. Right now, the paperback market is primarily a fiction market. —R.R.H.

SUSAN WOOD

Friedan: paperback disappointment.

Ars Gratia Reaganomics

When the Reagan administration proposed a nearly 50-percent cut in the arts budget last year—from $158 million to $88 million—Congress and advocacy groups were caught off guard. After a hasty mobilization by arts organizations, a compromise budget of $143 million was reached. The actual cut proved to be less than 10 percent.

This year, Reagan has proposed a further 30-percent cut for the National Endowment for the Arts, to $100.9 million. The President's accompanying message encouraged "direct beneficiaries and the private sector to make larger contributions to cultural activities."

Will the new cut get through Congress? Representative Frederick Richmond (D-N.Y.), chairman of the Congressional Arts Caucus, has called $100 million "woefully inadequate for a national arts budget." But this year's congressional defense of arts funding may be weakened by concern for other cuts in the budget. Even Representative Sidney Yates (D-Ill.), chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the Interior, who led the arts-funding fight last year, is discouraged. "We want to find out first how the NEA did under last year's reduced budget," he explains. "Arts are an important part of American life, but so are social programs." Last year, Yates recalls, "E.L. Doctorow testified before my committee. After waiting all day, he finally got up and said, 'Mr. Chairman, if you're going to take away school lunches, payments to miners with black lung, and care for the poor and elderly, I'm not sure I want to testify *for* the arts."

Yates's committee holds hearings this month, but it is unlikely that the whole budget will come to a vote before September. —S.K.R.

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DANCE

Igor's 100th

Every dance aficionado recalls that when Igor Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* premiered at Paris's Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on May 29, 1913, the audience responded with laughter, catcalls, and boos. Yet today it is indisputable that Stravinsky's impact on 20th-century dance was as pivotal as his influence on music.

And inevitably, since 1982 marks the 100th anniversary of his birth, several dance extravaganzas honoring Stravinsky are in the works. This month, the San Francisco Ballet is offering a **Stravinsky Festival**, most of which will be world premieres. Says choreographer Michael Smuin, the West Coast troupe's co-director (and director of Broadway's *Sophisticated Ladies*), "More than a year ago, I gave all our choreographers the latest, up-to-date Stravinsky catalogue and said, 'Fellas, in 1982 we're all going to do new Stravinsky ballets. It's a good time for a party. Go to work.'" A year later, Smuin has scheduled four world premieres set to Stravinsky's music—as yet untitled works by Smuin and by Val Caniparoli, John McFall's *Badinage*, and Tomm Ruud's *Steps for Two*—as well as encores of co-director Lew Christensen's *Stravinsky Pas de Deux* and Jerome Robbins's *Circus Polka*. In Smuin's words, "Happy Birthday, Igor! We love you." (Program I: April 6, 8 through 11; Program II: April 20, 22 through 25.)

Dances, Taylor Made

In 1980, the **Paul Taylor Dance Company** was called "the most consistently brilliant and stimulating dance troupe in today's world" by the *Washington Post*; last year, *Arden Court*, a dance choreographed by Taylor for his company, was called "one of the few great artworks created in this century" by Clive Barnes in the *New York Post* and "stunningly great" by Anna Kisselgoff in the *New York Times*. This month, riding high on such acclaim, Taylor's company opens its 1982 New York season, offering its reliably upbeat smorgasbord of modern dance occasionally influenced by traditional ballet.

DON PERDUE

▲ **Paul Taylor's dancers will offer world premieres of two new works.**

The three-week engagement at the New York City Center will boast two world premieres, *Lost, Found, and Left*, danced to Muzak, with sets and costumes by artist Alex Katz, and an as yet untitled work, set to music by Schubert. Also on the bill are a cross section of works spanning Taylor's choreographic career—from the 1980s, *House of Cards* and *Arden Court*; from the 1970s, *Esplanade* and *Cloven Kingdom*; from the 1960s, *Orbs*, Taylor's first major full-length dance; and from the 1950s, *3 Epitaphs*.

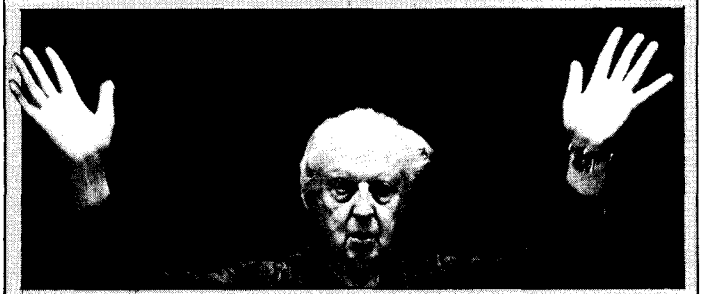
This three-week run also marks the farewell performances of principal dancer, Carolyn Adams. After 17 years with the Paul Taylor company, Adams is retiring. Taylor himself, however, continues to choreograph at the height of his powers. (April 13 through May 2.)

MUSIC

Honoring Stokowski

Leopold Stokowski enjoyed a long, distinguished, and often controversial career as a conductor—most famously as head of the Philadelphia Orchestra from 1912 to 1936. Then, at the age of 80, after 53 years of conducting, the venerable maestro decided to start all over again. He founded the American Symphony Orchestra, an ensemble made up of able musicians, many of whom were seemingly excluded from the symphonic mainstream because they were young, female, or from racial minorities (and sometimes all three). Under Stokowski, the ASO went on to present an adventurous repertory (most notably, perhaps, the world premiere of Charles Ives's Symphony No. 4 in 1965).

Although the indefatigable Stokowski was rumored to have signed a contract for a gala performance on his 100th birthday, his mortality finally caught up to him at 95. This April 18, however, on the occasion of the **Stokowski Centennial**, the ASO, now in its 19th season at New York's Carnegie Hall, honors its founder. On the program are three of Stokowski's favorites: Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky Cantata*, Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* (which Stokowski's Philadelphia Orchestra premiered in 1934, with Rachmaninoff at the piano), and Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, rescored for orchestra by Stokowski. Pianist Ruth Laredo, soprano Joanna Simon, and the New York Choral Society will join the ASO, under the baton of Sergiu Comissiona.



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▲ **His last orchestra will celebrate Leopold Stokowski's birthday.**

RADIO

Always on Sunday

When National Public Radio was founded in 1969, the fledgling network had 90 local affiliates. Now NPR has 264 member stations, and its listening audience has jumped by 40 percent in the past year alone. A large part of this recent success is due to two new programs, the news magazines *Morning Edition* and *All Things Considered*. This month, NPR introduces a third news program, focusing entirely on the arts. Called **The Sunday Show**, it will air each Sunday from noon to five, and include documentaries, interviews, and perfomances, live and on tape.

Features scheduled for the debut month include: a documentary on master guitarist Andres Segovia; a complete cycle of Beethoven's piano sonatas, taped in concert at the Kennedy Center with pianists Emanuel Ax, Ruth Laredo, and others; the Swingle Singers in concert; interviews with James Dickey, Claudette Colbert, Jessica Tandy, Roy Lichtenstein, and Richard Dreyfuss; audio art gallery—experiments in audio and sound sculpture; Louisville's New Play Festival; the International Guitar Competition from Paris; and the Ludwigsberger Castle Festival from Germany. For those who haven't already discovered NPR, you can find out which stations carry it in your area by dialing, toll-free, (800) 424-2909. (Debuts April 4.)

◄ **Segovia, on *The Sunday Show*.**

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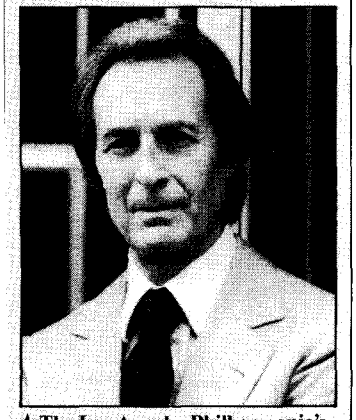
OPERA

Giulini Returns to Opera

Carlo Maria Giulini first found international acclaim as an operatic maestro when he took over as principal conductor at Milan's La Scala in 1953; there he worked closely with such luminaries as stage director Luchino Visconti and soprano Maria Callas. Though he subsequently appeared as guest conductor with most of the world's top orchestras, his reputation as an opera specialist followed him—until 14 years ago when he renounced opera to concentrate exclusively on the symphonic repertoire. Now, as music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Giulini seems to have changed his image once and for all: During the Philharmonic's world tour in 1980, for instance, Milan's *Il Giorno* noted, "The verdict of the public was of such intensity as to proclaim Carlo Maria Giulini perhaps the greatest conductor of our time."



▲ **The Los Angeles Philharmonic's conductor, Carlo Maria Giulini.**

This month, Giulini finally plans to return to the opera podium. He will conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic in a fully staged production of Verdi's **Falstaff**, starring Renato Bruson (Falstaff), Katia Ricciarelli (Alice), Leo Nucci (Ford), Dalmacio Gonzalez (Fenton), and Barbara Hendricks (Nanetta). The presentation is a coproduction with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, and the Teatro Comunale in Florence, and it will travel to their European stages after performances in Los Angeles. (In Los Angeles, April 13, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27, 29.)

COLLECTION STEDELIJK MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

▼ **Italian artist Enzo Cucchi's painting, "Heroic Voyage" (1980).**

ART

"Newer Than New"

Since World War II, the United States has been the undisputed center of the art world. From the Abstract Expressionists of the 1940s to the pluralists of the past decade, American artists like de Kooning, Pollock, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Warhol have been the trend-setters. If it wasn't happening in New York, it probably wasn't happening at all.

Recently, however, there has been a shift in the balance of power, and while the United States has yet to be dethroned, Europe is slowly coming back into its own (see "The End of the American Era," *SR*, September 1981). At the forefront of this resurgence are artists from Italy and Germany. This month, New York's Guggenheim Museum examines the painting and sculpture with which Italy has been making its mark when it presents **Italian Art Now: An American Perspective**. Each artist represented is younger than 50; all of the works exhibited are from the past five years. Prominent in the show is the art of Sandro Chia and Enzo Cucchi, two leading exponents of the new figurative, expressionist movement in painting known as "transavanguardia" (to indicate that it is newer than new). "All these artists," says exhibit organizer Diane Waldman, "appear to be drawing on the rich fabric of the Italian artistic tradition, while not losing sight of the present." (April 2 through June 20).

Indian Art

To the Indians of North America's midwestern plains, the notion of "art," as we know it today, was meaningless. There was no such thing as an aesthetic object, created solely for its own sake—every object had a utilitarian function. But the consummate skill with which these Indians used wood, leather, and beads to make such everyday items as clothing, toys, and tools raised their work far above the merely functional. Today collectors often make invidious distinctions between decorative and fine art, but the Plains Indians were not only master artisans, they were master artists as well. This month, **Circles of the World**, the first major exhibit devoted exclusively to the art of these nomads, opens at the Denver Art Museum. (The title of the exhibit refers to what the Plains Indians considered the perfect form, without beginning or end, representing the earth, the spheres of the home and the tribe, and the continuity of all life.)

▲ **Cheyenne woman's boots, made of rawhide and beads, ca. 1870.**

The show will draw from the Denver museum's holdings, perhaps the finest collection of Plains Indian art and artifacts in the world. The exhibition will feature 150 items from 18 tribes, all made between 1840 and 1900. Objects on view include bowls, dolls, cradles, saddles, pipes, jewelry, war clubs, boots, and robes. During the next two years, the show will wander even farther than the nomadic Indians: After Denver it will visit Edinburgh, Vienna, Paris, Toulouse, Boston, New York, and San Francisco. (In Denver, April 21 through June 6.)

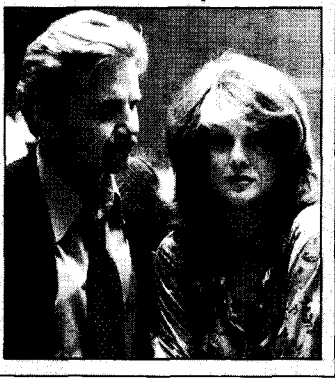
FILM

Ashby in Vegas

When director Hal Ashby is hot, he's hot. He began in the movie trade as a film editor, and he pieced together such films as *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming* and *In the Heat of the Night* (which won him an Academy Award). He made his directing debut in 1970, and over the past decade he has given us some attention-getting movies: *Shampoo* in 1975, *Coming Home* in 1978, and *Being There* in 1979. Even partially successful movies like *The Landlord, Harold and Maude, The Last Detail,* and *Bound for Glory* have attracted cult followings. But films like *Second-Hand Hearts* have shown that when Ashby isn't hot, he can be truly tepid.

Thus one looks forward to Ashby's newest film with tempered hope. **Lookin' to Get Out** is a comedy about two feisty, streetwise New Yorkers who come to Las Vegas looking for a big break and fast bucks to pay off loan sharks who are breathing down their necks. Jon Voight, who stars with Ann-Margret, also makes his writing debut, having coauthored the script. The score is by the highly regarded English band, The Police. The movie's ambience, according to preliminary reports, is "Fellini-esque." Will this add up a big Vegas score for Ashby—or snake eyes again? (Premieres April 16.)

◄ **Jon Voight and Ann-Margret co-star in Hal Ashby's new film.**



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

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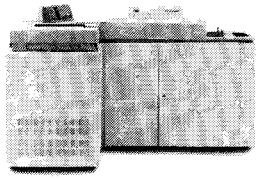

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Political Myopia

Two massive facts are in collision. One fact is that many of the critical problems now before the nation will have long-term effects.

The other fact is that many of the nation's lawmakers find it difficult to give serious attention to any problem or proposal the effects of which may not be fully visible for four years or more.

You can have a productive discussion with a legislator about what ought to be done in certain situations—until the long-term aspects of the problem become apparent. If the benefits of what you are proposing are not likely to be manifest during the official's term of office, do not be surprised if a glaze comes over his eye or if he excuses himself to make a telephone call.

I must not overstate. Certainly there are responsible public servants who are prepared to deal with issues that may not come to a boil during their elected terms. But there are not enough of such officials. It is disquieting, for example, to survey the recommendations made to the Congress by the executive branch, or the range of legislation being generated within the Congress itself, very little of which anticipates the fundamental needs of the nation in the years ahead. There appears to be a four-year fence that blocks the national view.

When de Tocqueville scrutinized democracy in America more than a century ago, he was concerned about the impediments to statesmanship in situations involving political pressures or short-term considerations. He was keenly aware of the hazards of improvisation or deferral that he observed in the way many legislators approached issues that conferred no political advantages.

Since de Tocqueville's time there has been a steady broadening of the issues before the country. Many of these issues have an historical dimension with potential effects on the entire human community. We have become the most powerful nation in the world but we exercise less moral influence than at almost any time in our history. We possess unlimited destructive force, but we have not equated that power with a design for peace that people everywhere can identify as the underlying principle of our foreign policy. We are long on force but short on ideas. We subtract from our strength in direct proportion to our accumulation of weapons.

We are taking history lightly, trying to ad-lib our way out of challenges that call for deep understanding and moral response. We are chasing after events with a mop rather than trying to build durable instruments of law among nations. We are uncomfortable with terms like "human destiny." If the test before the human species today is whether we are smart enough to survive, we are giving little evidence of putting that kind of intelligence to work.

Perhaps the most telling example of the failure of officials to act on long-term problems concerns nuclear proliferation. After the atomic explosion at Hiroshima, it was clear that the United States could not expect to maintain a monopoly of nuclear weapons. Some of the nation's leading scientists urged that the U.S. use the temporary fact of our monopoly as the starting point for a world ban on the manufacture and stockpiling of such explosives. But the almost inevitable spread of nuclear weapons was a future danger—and later Presidents would have to cope with it.

Today, few people have difficulty in recognizing the extensive peril represented by general possession of atomic bombs. It is possible that nothing we might have done 20 or 30 years ago would have changed the course of events. But one thing is certain: Once other nations came into possession of these weapons, they were far less likely to give the weapons up than they would have been to forego their initial development. In any case, the genie is now out of the bottle. It is far more complicated today to set up worldwide controls. Naturally, the men who failed to anticipate this problem do not now have to account for their failure.

True, leadership cannot be expected to do everything. And politicians cannot disregard altogether the immediacies that weigh so heavily in the political process. But there is an irreducible minimum of responsibility attached to elective office. The American people have a right to expect that their representatives in government will not shrink from problems or opportunities that are long-term in nature. Woodrow Wilson used to say that his clients were the next generation. Wilson scored no points with the politicos for this philosophy, but it was an honest and open reflection of his deepest convictions. He was right. Despite the cynicism that seems to hang over us like a dark cloud, we must accept the reality that unless we respect the rights of the next generation, we will be utter failures in our own.

—N.C.

"I'm here for the boom in chamber music!"

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A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.

For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.

The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day, 20,000 mile flight around the globe.

What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

Maxie and Kris Anderson

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Didion and Dunne at home in Los Angeles.

New Directions for the First Family of Angst

Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne made California their literary turf. Now, she's branching out and he's coming into his own as a novelist of urban Catholicism.

BY MARTIN KASINDORF

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Joan Didion had a best-selling novel, *A Book of Common Prayer*, in the stores in 1977 when her husband, John Gregory Dunne, phoned an elderly Manhattan aunt with the equally happy news that paperback rights to his own new novel, *True Confessions*, had been sold for $685,000. The woman was silent for a moment, then said, "Is that more than *she* got?"

That question, Dunne understood, was a well-meaning attempt to be loyally supportive of a long-suffering nephew. Judging from years of let-it-all-hang-out references in fiction and nonfiction to their life together in California, any reader would consider the 18-year marriage of Didion and Dunne both competitive and shaky. "We are here on this island in the middle of the Pacific," Didion confided from Waikiki in a *Life* column in 1969, "in lieu of filing for a divorce." Opening *Quintana and Friends*, a collection of his magazine reporting that Dunne vainly hoped would match the success of Didion's classic 1968 *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, he wrote edgily, "We have been married for 15 years. I do not guarantee that we will be married 16."

No marital counselors need apply. Dunne gleefully told his wife about his aunt's concern, she laughed in a way her neurotic heroines can never manage, and she collaborated with her husband on the motion-picture script of *True Confessions*. On four screenplays that have been filmed and several others that haven't, the product of each has been smoothly run through the imagination and IBM Memory Typewriter of the other. For all their self-publicized battles, Didion and Dunne have been friends for 25 years.

Even when working separately on the 11 books and countless magazine articles and columns they have produced between them, frail-looking Joan Didion, 47, and combative John Gregory Dunne, 49, have been collaborators. They turn to each other for editing advice. They draw frequently if not always charitably on each other's traits, incidents in their troubled moments, even the details of raising their 16-year-old daughter, Quintana Roo. "What makes our so-called problems so pronounced is that we write about them," says Dunne. "Life is difficult enough without having to try to find material."

Their willingness to bare their lives has made Joan Didion and John Dunne quite literally the best-known writing couple in America. Didion has "bad nerves" and gets migraines. Dunne uses circumlocutions to avoid stuttering. Quintana Roo, cutely named for the territory in Yucatan, is adopted. We know all that from their work. Didion and Dunne have become rich and famous as the First Family of Angst.

Didion got there first. Her magazine journalism, profitably collected in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* and *The White Album*, displayed a pointillist's craftsmanship, resonant with a delicate personal revulsion toward the "cultural sickness" she targeted in a dissolving Western society of rootless mediocrity and blank-faced criminality. Her three widely praised novels—*Run River*, *Play It as It Lays*, and *A Book of Common Prayer*—have pursued broadly similar themes of affluent California women leading empty and crushing lives. Admired by lovers of style but not deeply intellectual, the Didion novels best exemplify the chic mood of futility found in much of 1970s fiction. Now, tiring of writing about California, Didion is applying her pained sensitivity to faraway places. *Pacific Distances*, the novel she is writing, is set in the Far East, New York, and Hawaii.

Dunne, for his part, is relieved that their accomplishments have begun to balance out. After largely abandoning magazines, he floundered through a few books until he achieved critical acclaim and public acceptance with *True Confessions*. This month, Linden Press will publish his novel, *Dutch Shea, Jr.* A measurable advance for Dunne as a writer, it is founded less on narrative and more on character revealed through dialogue and memories. Here Dunne is even more confident in the milieu he has finally chosen as his specialty, the Irish Catholic world of his urban New England roots. He says, "I suppose for a certain period of time I was 'Joan Didion's husband.' Nobody says that now. And no one will ever say that she's 'my wife.'"

Both Didion and Dunne are gifted with sensibilities and prose styles—hers an elegant bleakness, his a colloquial reporter's raunchiness—that justify their commercial success. Virtually their only real problem now lies in coming to terms with the ambiguities of their life, a mix of Hollywood glitter and understated taste. The problem is in aligning their seriousness of purpose with their carefully crafted status as celebrity writers, a term they detest even as they feud with the likes of Pauline Kael and Joseph Wambaugh.

"We are both writers who moonlight on film scripts," Dunne once tried to explain. But it is the movies that have made them millionaires, and they use terms like "rolling gross" and *pari passu* with the panache of ICM agents. When Quintana built a dollhouse as a child, she quite naturally included a private screening room. The Dunnes are also fixtures on the Hollywood party circuit. Almost every Sunday night they walk two blocks down their street to producer Norman Lear's showplace screening room in a replica New England farmhouse once owned by Henry Fonda. There the Dunnes watch an insider's double feature of new pictures alongside regulars Mel Brooks, Anne Bancroft, Carl Reiner, and songwriters Marilyn and Alan Bergman.

There is little time for reporting these

Martin Kasindorf is a national correspondent, based in Los Angeles, for *Newsweek*.

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days, and they worry that their journalistic skills have corroded while they have zeroed in as novelists. Their kind of fiction could use some fresh reporting to replenish the memory bank. But millionaire reporters from Brentwood would find it hard to recapture the invisibility that helped make them accomplished journalists.

On a 70-degree midwinter morning in Brentwood, one of the choicest neighborhoods on the west side of Los Angeles, the 45-year-old white house with aquamarine shutters is nearly a mirage from a suburban Connecticut estate. The branches of two gray sycamores are bare. "It's like New England here," grins Dunne, who, like Lear, comes from Hartford, "because we get falling leaves in the fall." Out back beyond the library, however, is a huge turquoise swimming pool. "Yeah," Dunne acknowledges with a wry, disarming laugh, "it's a Hockney."

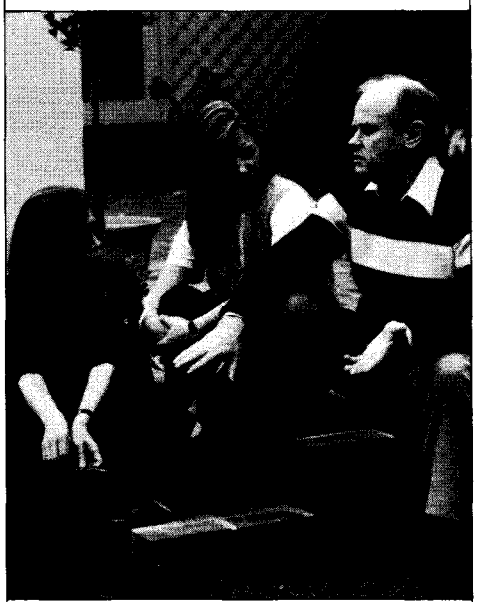
The Dunnes write nearly every day in adjoining second-floor offices in the house. Devoid of show-biz excess, its atmosphere is as country-comfortable as a Harvard don's summer place on the Vineyard. In the library is a sea captain's chest that belonged to Didion's great-great-grandfather. In the living room are lavender love seats and costly but subdued paintings by Sam Francis, Billy Al Bengtson, and Bruce Nauman. On the other walls are maps that seem placed to anchor the Dunnes to the world outside "the Industry."

In some ways, the Dunne-Didion match did not promise to weather hard times. Didion, a pale redhead, was shy and nervous. A fifth-generation Californian, she had gone to Berkeley after a Sacramento public high school. Dunne, gregarious and quick-tempered, came from a big family that had gone "from steerage to suburbia in three generations." The fifth of a surgeon's six children, he was educated at the upper-crust Benedictine Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island and at Princeton.

Didion came to New York in 1956 as winner of a *Vogue* magazine college writing prize. She met Dunne, a *Time* writer, the next year. They married in 1964 and headed for Los Angeles as freelance nonfiction writers—with clear eyes on Hollywood. "Even then you could see freelance markets for writers shrinking," says Dunne. "We certainly hoped there would be that other outlet." In time there was, because of the record they made at the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, and other magazines. As freelancers, they won contracts for eight long stories a year, and they wrote columns. It was a living, but not a generous one.

In common they had habits of sponging up reality at seedy courthouses and showing each other newspaper clippings that should have had a moral but never did: the Hispanic couple who discovered the image of Jesus on a tortilla or the people who tried to trade their infant for a Corvette. They were similar as reporters. "What I do is hang around, become part of the furniture," Dunne has said. Didion believes, "I am invisible as a reporter. Nobody cares who I am because they don't see me. I'm a small person. I'm a woman."

With consummate timing, they cornered the underside of the good life in California and the bleached Nevada deserts. Tom Wolfe and Norman Mailer were other stars of the first-person New Journalism, but Didion and Dunne were as free as anyone in making themselves the story—especially Didion.



With adopted daughter, Quintana Roo, 16: A dollhouse with a screening room.

Through Didion's waiflike hazel eyes, readers first grasped resonant social truths about the malaise stirring first at the Hotel California. Nobody captured the slack-jawed Haight-Ashbury hippies any better. With precise and cool detailing, she wrote about suburban murderesses, nonviolent war protestors, hallelujah-shouting oldsters in house trailers. Her subjective, upper-middle-class voice was so omnipresent that the despairing message of these stories was inextricable from Didion's suffering accounts of using gin and Dexedrine to get through an assignment, her sense of impending catastrophe, her dread of the terrible things that can befall children.

Her juxtaposition of the banal and the apocalyptic was masterful—Woody Allen without the yucks. Covering a murder trial in San Bernardino, "the California where it is possible to live and die without ever eating an artichoke," she recounted how the bewildered prosecution sought what might move a middle-class woman "who had been chairman of the Heart Fund and who always knew a reasonable little dressmaker" to "sit on a street called Bella Vista and look out her new picture window into the empty California sun and calculate how to burn her husband alive in a Volkswagen."

In all of her writing there has been an attempt to keep a threatening world at bay. Despite a comfortable, reasonably stable home, Joan Didion was a fearful, burdened child. Her mother ordered her to "stop whining" and try writing some stories. She says, "I had more worries as a child than I've ever had since. I've gradually been shedding them as I go through life." Writing has helped. "You put the worries down. You assign these problems to different people."

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The assignees have been the "Didion women" in her fiction, ranch wife Lily McClellan of *Run River* (1963), marginal Hollywood wife Maria Wyeth of *Play It as It Lays* (1970), and the doomed Charlotte Douglas of *A Book of Common Prayer* (1977). The women tend to be pale and redhaired, like Didion. They are well-off, skinny, frightened, blankly promiscuous, disconnected from the lessons of the past and from the pleasures of their own bodies.

Their lives are miseries. Lily, her baby aborted, her father and his mistress dead in a car crash, her husband a suicide after slaying one of her lovers. Maria, driving the freeways aimlessly in a yellow Corvette like one Didion owned, her daughter brain-damaged, lovers decadent and sadistic. Mysterious Charlotte, her Patty Hearst-like daughter turned missing terrorist, distractedly leaving her second husband, a radical lawyer, for a degrading odyssey through the South with her dying first husband, giving birth to a hydrocephalic baby who dies, then drifting alone until she alights in a listless Central American country called Boca Grande. She stops running just when she should run, and is shot in the usual revolution. The novels are uniformly without happy families or joyful couplings, but each is written in a different voice.

Feminists have been bewildered by the parade of undirected and powerless women from the organized, achieve-

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ment-oriented Didion. Not a few critics have thought her reporting better than her fiction. Making no such distinctions, James Dickey called her "the finest woman prose stylist writing in English today." Barbara Grizzuti Harrison attacked her in *The Nation* as "a neurasthenic Cher" who coldly refuses to draw moral conclusions and who patronizes the poor.

In reality, Didion is almost too patronizing of the rich, whose luxuries (orchids, greenhouses, swimming pools) she appreciates but whose insecurities she exaggerates. Like a Jacqueline Susann who happens to write with awesome precision and subtle power, Didion asks readers to agree that nothing comes of comfort but depression. Her women have husbands who work at demanding jobs, but these men are rejected for having somehow failed wives who do little on their own but cry or perhaps natter about opening a boutique in a slum. Didion's moral conclusion is that the world has become an irrational and hence inappropriate arena for women. In her Bauhaus Gothic way, she is better at unsentimental gloom and ineluctable tragedy than most novelists, but her refusal to acknowledge that many women and men *can* get their acts together risks a loss of patience with her forlornness.

At the moment, Didion is struggling with the complex *Pacific Distances*, which is set in 1975, but which makes no particular effort to analyze the decade as anything other than an assimilation of the 1960s. "I keep starting it over," she complains. She will stay with new terrain in her fiction. "I had certain questions about California," she says. "I didn't answer the questions. But I got tired of asking them. I would rather ask some other questions, I think."

While Didion's anguished searchings built her a cult following, Dunne labored for years to elevate himself from his solid but dead-end status as a freelancer. He expanded a *Saturday Evening Post* story on Cesar Chavez into *Delano*, a 1966 book on the grape strike. It didn't sell well. He spent a year at 20th Century-Fox researching *The Studio*, a 1969 book largely about the making of that box-office turkey, *Dr. Dolittle*. Dunne hated the book. "It was just sort of patchwork, putting together my life," he says. He signed a contract to write a similar book on Las Vegas, but he couldn't bring himself to complete the research for something so similar to *The Studio*. For a dispiriting 18-month period he had writer's block. The Malibu beach house the Dunnes had bought with script fees from *Play It as It Lays* was under messy renovation. Dunne would go on long, senseless drives. The couple came close to a breakup. "We had a small child, we had no money and no house, she was working very hard, I wasn't working at all," recalls Dunne. "It was simply a difficult time." For him it was also, he eventually wrote, "a time of carhops and cocktail waitresses."

Dunne came up with a Didionesque opening line and he knew he had his book. "In the summer of my nervous breakdown," he wrote, "I went to live in Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada." Raucous, funny, and populated with the sleazy losers who abound in the town's courthouses and motels, *Vegas*, issued in 1974, was Dunne's first published novel. It sounded so autobiographical, down to the narrator's teenage masturbation in Hartford, that Random House didn't call it a novel. Confused book buyers didn't buy. It was nonetheless Dunne's turning point. "*Vegas* was the book that made me realize I could write about Irish Catholics," he says.

What Dunne produces now are novels about Irish Catholic Americans and the lack of real distances among their social classes. Dunne is a lapsed but fascinated religionist who calls himself "an avowed Catholic, willing to believe." He writes out of rich boyhood memories, a superb ear for the speech patterns of the devout who talk to the saints when they are not talking about piles and diverticulitis, and a reporter's endless scrap-gathering. Scattered through *True Confessions* and *Dutch Shea, Jr.* are scraps like an obscene novelty necktie worn by a detective Dunne met in a morgue, TV-news horrors like the rainstorm that opened a hillside of L.A. graves, public-utility hearing transcripts, Quintana's little-girl mispronunciations—and communication problems between a cynical Catholic husband and a cool Protestant wife.

An early editor advised Dunne that "no story is complete without a child or a priest." Another counseled, "Nuns and midgets, that's the ticket." Reporter-novelist Dunne accordingly has tossed in a slain child, worldly and haunted priests, nuns, and midgets. He has added a richly textured gallery of whores, pimps, private dicks, muggers, welfare mothers, Vegas lounge comics, and even a gay arsonist. Dunne himself, he says, is the destructively trigger-tempered police lieutenant Tom Spellacy of *True Confessions* and criminal lawyer John (Dutch) Shea, Jr. The two men are identical—tough, competent, tainted but possessed of a personal code of honor that attracts powerful enemies. As in Didion's novels, memory is an affliction to these loose cannons, and traumatic external events inexorably erase the delusions in their unexamined lives.

CHRISTINE LOSS

On location with actor Robert Duvall during the filming of *True Confessions*.

Without reading much Chandler or Hammett, Dunne constructed in *True Confessions* a hard-boiled, tortuously plotted cop-and-priest tale set in a 1946 L.A. that never existed—Catholic-run Hartford transferred to the West. The solution of a grisly murder mystery like the real 1947 "Black Dahlia" case turns out to be irrelevant. What matters are the contrapuntal stories of Cain-and-Abel brothers, the detective and the cardinal's fast-rising hatchetman, Monsignor Desmond Spellacy. The cop's world we have seen before. Dunne's audacity lies in taking us inside an archdiocesan Pentagon where business comes before holiness, and where rapacious laymen both use and are used by the Church. (continued)

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Dutch Shea, Jr. is a stylized character-study of a man who has kept shame bottled up until his life springs leaks. Under the blows of cuckoldry, his daughter's beheading in a bomb blast, and a long-dead father's embezzlement re-created, everything connects and a dark adoption secret is revealed.

The book is not without a few shortcomings. On the way to his tragic but honorable end, Shea shambles downhill into a bit too much seediness for a lawyer who—unlikely for a criminal specialist—once represented the archdiocese. The "shards of memory" that repeatedly torture him are all too reminiscent of a similar device Didion used in *A Book of Common Prayer*, and they approach tediousness. Still, the power of Dunne's book derives from the furies pursuing his protagonist: They are frequently funny—a senile conservatee Shea is stealing from, and a rich widow who wants Shea and can save him but suffers from cellulite and who was married to the jerk that cuckolded him. And this time Dunne adds to his unerring feel for the uneducated lower depths an understanding appraisal of country-club Catholicism that John Updike might be proud to have attempted.

Dunne's next book will be called *The Red, White and Blue*, about a family that is rich, San Francisco, and again Irish. The focus again is on two brothers, one probably to be a laicized priest. Old notes that Dunne took while writing *Delano* and reporting for *Time* magazine in Saigon will come to life. There will also be a lot about Hollywood.

Before getting into the kind of mordantly funny exposés of the film business he used to write for magazines, Dunne first has to complete a promised first draft of his screen adaptation of *Vegas* for 20th Century-Fox. Pursuing the normal pattern, he will carry his finished version a few steps down the hall from his airy, vault-ceilinged office to his wife's closet-sized office. Then Didion will take her separate crack at it.

As early as 1969 they were writing scripts. Not long afterward they wrote in only 18 days an adaptation of a book about New York junkies, *Panic in Needle Park*, which was no blockbuster. Their adaptation of *Such Good Friends* for Otto Preminger was never made. Screenwriting has paid for successive Dunne homes, but only *A Star Is Born* has brought them profits beyond flat fees. "It made us a fortune," says Dunne. "We got a piece of the music, too. I don't know how."

As a Hollywood writing team they are considered respectable but not red-hot by studio executives. They would much rather be known as novelists, anyhow. "Screenwriting is not like writing," says Didion. "It's sort of a social activity. You do it with other people. It's finding an accommodation that everybody will be happy with." Dunne once coined an oft-repeated line: "It's like aspiring to be a co-pilot." Why, then, do they do it? "One, money," Dunne is quick to say. "Screenwriting offers no psychic income, but it offers *real* income." Moreover, "A screenplay is a way to rid your mind of all the detritus of a book you have just finished. You want to keep working, for another thing. I always want to know what I'm going to do next, because I'm always afraid that I'll run out of ideas. I'm going to be 50 in May. Time is moving along."

> ***"What makes our so-called problems so pronounced is that we write about them. Life is difficult enough without having to find material."***

To do this virtually nonstop writing, Didion and Dunne wake up at 6:30. He takes a 30-minute exercise walk. She makes Q's lunch and their breakfast, encloses herself in her whitewashed office at 10:30. The white-noise hum of her typewriter conceals the noise of Dunne's. Dunne starts working at 9:30. A light soup or salad lunch is at 2. They take most afternoons off. Didion goes back upstairs for an hour at 4:30. She works through most weekends.

To escape distractions, or for whatever Freudian reasons, Didion finishes each of her novels with a three-week retreat to her little childhood bedroom in her parents' evocative old Tudor house in Sacramento. She blazed through 150 pages of *A Book of Common Prayer* there. "I find it hard to work when she's not here," says Dunne. They consult each other all the way through a book. Dunne gives his wife 20 pages at a time for comment. She saves up 100-page chunks for him. "Go back to the 'I' character," she repeatedly advised during *Vegas*, and she wrote the purposely bad poetry attributed to a prostitute. "Generally," she says, "he tries to make me be less elliptical. Many things are barely indicated, generally because I'm lazy, partly because I just have a reclusive tendency to withhold things."

Distractions are constant, but the California sun isn't one of them. During six years in Malibu they went swimming in the Pacific perhaps 10 times. Their frequent getaway trips to Hawaii are spent not on the beach but in the Honolulu courthouse or driving Oahu back roads. They live less lavishly than they could choose to. A cleaning woman works mornings. Didion does the cooking or they dine out, except for one night each week when a caterer named Rose arrives to cook dinner for the Dunnes and four chosen friends, people like writers Josh Greenfield and Calvin Trillin and film director Tony Richardson. Didion likes domestic routines for the sense of order they provide. She knows about espalier-ing roses, about collecting Canton platters and Haviland dessert dishes.

"I'm not saying our marriage is happy or unhappy," Dunne sums up. "It is normal. What has allowed us to survive is that we take it a day at a time. You add up the good days and the bad days. I suppose it's 15 years of good days and three years of bad days, so what the hell, that's a terrific ratio. God knows marriages are difficult."

They have become less extreme about recording for all eyes the wounds inflicted upon each other. As a once-helpful writing device it has palled. Didion figures it has done little harm. "If you tell somebody something, it's not part of your intimate life anymore, it's lost to you," she muses. "So it's a way of shedding things, of moving on. It was an interesting way to work at the time because nobody else much was doing it. It was sort of fun to get a great flash at doing it. If you did it now, you wouldn't get that flash."

California is still Eldorado for Joan Didion and John Dunne. In a recent article, expatriate California-born author John Lahr found it unforgivable for them to work in a state that lacks "community" and imposes a deadening "moral stupor." Didion cannot fully disagree. "It *is* a moral vacuum," she says, almost inaudibly. "I don't know how you can see that and not half-think you have to get away from it. It would be sentimental to live someplace else. It's here, in the face of what many people believe to be a moral vacuum, that we are actually forging a little community. Friends. Family. You have a sense that you're actually doing it where it counts." ■

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Georgio de Chirico: Pioneer of Surrealism

His early paintings brilliantly probed the unconscious, but he then turned against modernism. This month, the Museum of Modern Art reinstates him in the pantheon that includes Cézanne and Picasso.

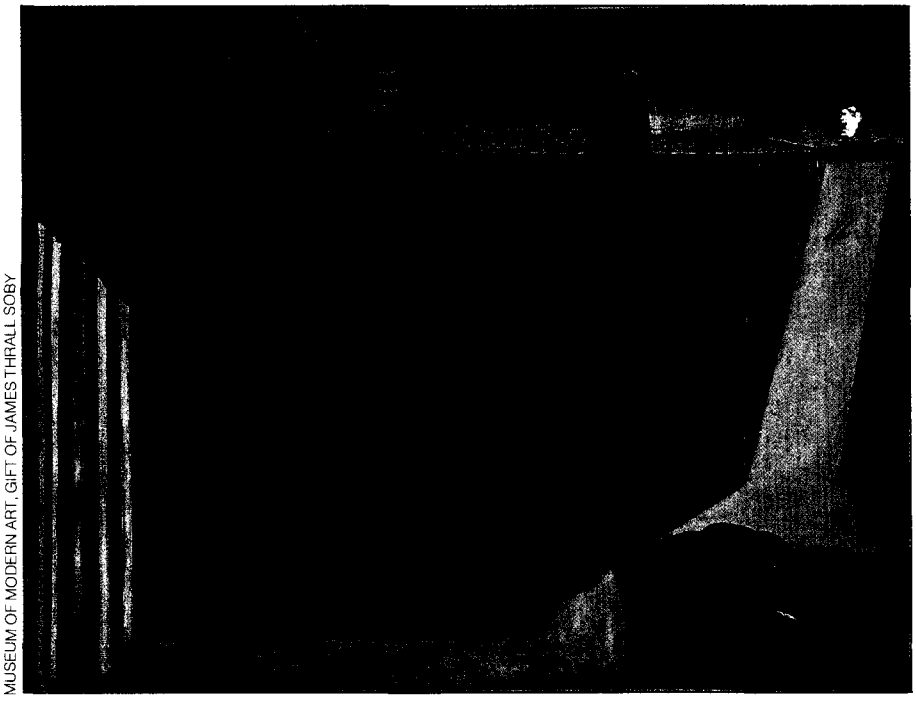
BY JOSHUA GILDER

Georgio de Chirico, the first and probably greatest of all Surrealist painters, produced the work for which we know him today, the haunting paintings of his "metaphysical period," while he was still in his twenties. But after those first few brilliant years (roughly 1911-1918), de Chirico's art suffered a dramatic decline. Once a revolutionary, he retreated into a banal neoclassicism, and in the face of an almost universally negative reaction, he lashed back at his old friends. He labeled the Surrealists "leaders of modernistic imbecility," and he likened modern art to Nazism, calling them the two greatest evils of the 20th century. Increasingly paranoid, he developed a conspiracy theory involving critics, curators, and dealers to explain the rejection of his post-metaphysical art, suing dealers and other artists to redress his largely imaginary grievances. He even made copies of his own earlier works and forged their dates. By the time of his death in Italy in 1978, de Chirico had become *persona non grata* in the realm of modernism.

Joshua Gilder is associate editor of *Saturday Review*.

But now William Rubin, director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (which had its own difficulties with de Chirico), has decided to let bygones be bygones. MOMA will be opening its new wing this month with an exhibition of some 100 of de Chirico's works, most dating from 1911-1917 and a few from the 1920s (discreetly ignoring the last 50 years of his painting). It will be the first major retrospective of de Chirico's early paintings and should help establish him, says Rubin, as a "modern master," the "best Italian painter since the late 18th century" and one of the greatest of the 20th. With this exhibition, de Chirico will take his place at MOMA among the greats: Cézanne, Matisse, Rousseau, and Picasso. No longer will the acrimonious, elder de Chirico overshadow our view of the younger artist.

De Chirico's enigmatic "Gare Montparnasse (The Melancholy of Departure)," 1914.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GIFT OF JAMES THRALL SOBY

De Chirico was the first painter to join the Surrealist poets and writers in their explorations of the unconscious, and the highly original visions he committed to canvas still carry a striking power: the empty Italian piazzas and the blank faces of buildings stretching into a lonely infinity. He resurrected Renaissance perspective, transforming Raphael's City of God, illuminated by faith and reason, into a city of unhappy dreams flooded by the sourceless light of the irrational. His desolate vistas proclaim an indeterminate but all-pervasive loss.

He exerted a powerful influence on the course of 20th-century art. The paintings of his metaphysical period were the deciding factor in turning Salvador Dali, and more important, Yves Tanguy and Renè Magritte toward Surrealism. Tan-

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

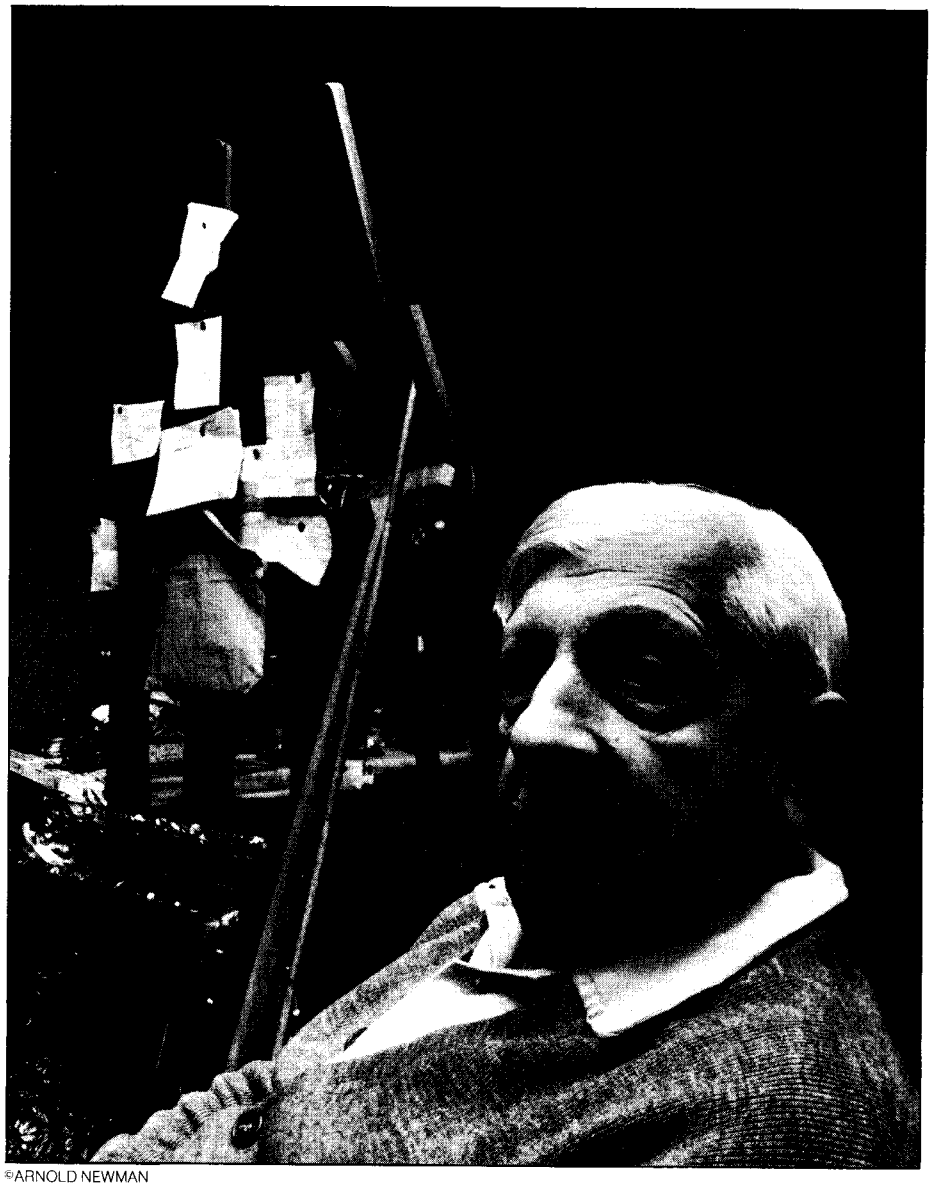
Resurrecting Renaissance perspective: left, "[Italian Square]," 1921; right, "The Enigma of the Day," 1914.

guy said that he decided immediately upon the future course of his work when he saw his first de Chirico in a Paris gallery in the mid-1920s. Magritte told much the same story, and both Max Ernst and Paul Delvaux owed a sizable debt to the young painter. Today, the rising young Italian painters Sandro Chia and Francesco Clemente (see "The End of the American Era," *SR*, September 1981) draw on the memory of de Chirico; and the spectral architecture in de Chirico's paintings has found a contemporary resonance in the drawings (and infrequently constructed buildings) of Italian architect Aldo Rossi.

De Chirico was an intensely personal painter, and the Freudian premise of his Surrealist art makes it tempting to trace the sources of his particular genius—and its finally disastrous course—to his childhood. He was born on July 10, 1888, in the Greek province of Thessaly. Both parents were Italian; his father, Evariste, moved his family to Greece when he accepted employment as an engineer in the construction of the Thessalian railroad. Georgio was the second of three children, with an older sister who died in early childhood and a younger brother by three years, Andrea (later an important artist in the Surrealist movement under the adopted name of Alberto Savinio).

Andrea, a beautiful child, received most of their mother's attention. De Chirico describes in his memoirs the painstaking process by which his mother would curl his brother's long, blond hair into striking layers of ringlets, and of the

De Chirico in 1957: "I am a classical painter," he insisted in later life.



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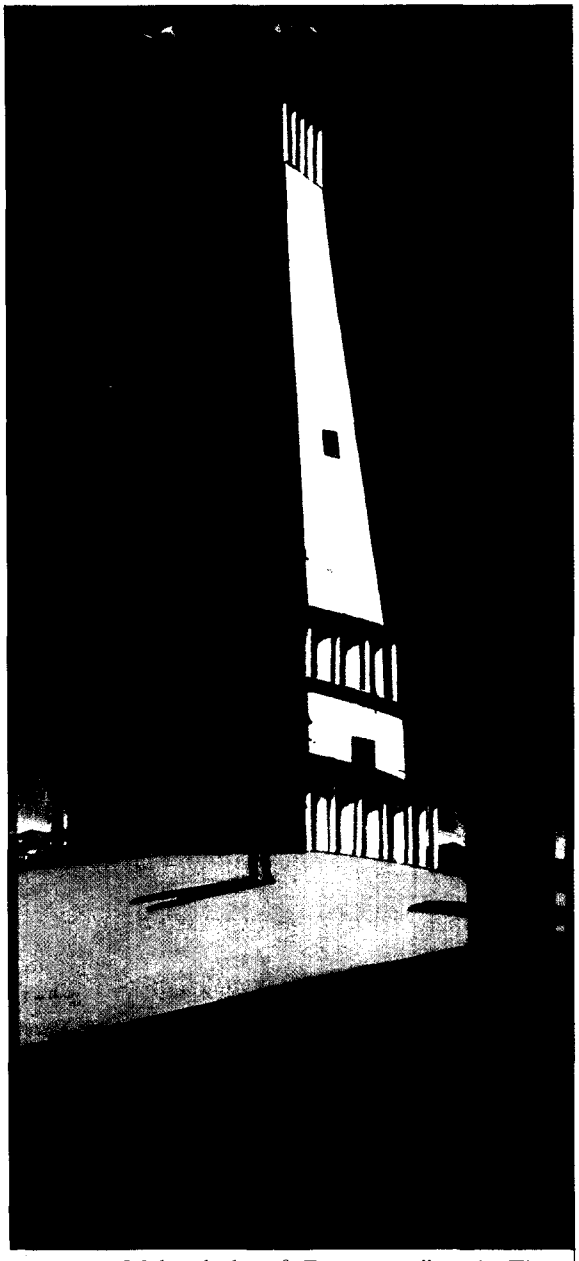
peasant women and storekeepers who would stop the family on the street to exclaim over the younger child's beauty.

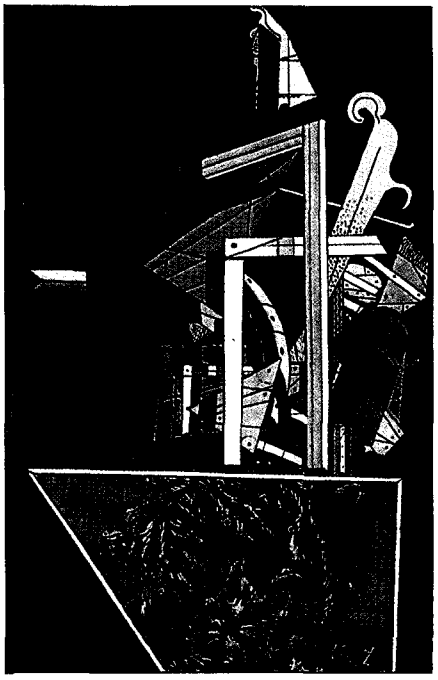
At the same time, Georgio's relationship with his father was characterized by feelings of distance and coldness. "Between me and my father," he wrote in his memoirs, "in spite of the deep affection which linked us, there was a certain aloofness, an apparent coldness or, rather, a kind of reserve." But the relationship, difficult and distant as it was, cut deep. De Chirico's earliest memories, as recounted in his autobiography, consistently return to his father and reiterate the great affection he held for him. The memories are all the more poignant for being so few, and for having such a quality of fragility and estrangement.

The parents encouraged the talents of both sons, providing them with music and drawing lessons from an early age. In 1905, the father died, and the mother moved with her sons to Munich. There Georgio was greatly impressed by pictures of the paintings of the Swiss-German artist Arnold Böcklin. Böcklin was given to painting such realistically depicted mythological scenes as "Battle of the Centaurs" (1873). The young de Chirico's enthusiastic appreciation found expression in his own canvases painted in 1909: "The Battle Between the Hoplites and the Centaurs," "Seascape With Mermaid," and others. De Chirico also told of being profoundly affected during these years by the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, but it seems less the German's philosophy than his poetic evocations of autumn afternoons in Italian cities that had a lasting impact.

After leaving Munich, de Chirico traveled about Europe. He was restless and unhappy, plagued by what he described as extreme melancholy and what were probably psychosomatic intestinal disorders. In 1911 he joined his brother in Paris, and he regularly attended the Sunday afternoon salons of poet Guillaume Apollinaire, where the ideas that eventually resulted in André Breton's *Surrealist Manifesto* were being formed. In early 1913, de Chirico exhibited three major works with the Société des Independents—"The Enigma of the Hour," "The Melancholy of Departure," and "The Enigma of Arrival and of the Afternoon." He was already at the height of his powers.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART





COLLECTION THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Left: "The Nostalgia of the Infinite" (1913-14), one of his "Memories of Italy." Above: "The Melancholy of Departure" (1916).

In 1924, before his break with the Surrealists, de Chirico recounted for them a dream that had greatly impressed him:

> I struggle in vain with the man whose eyes are suspicious and very gentle. Each time I grasp him, he frees himself by quietly spreading his arms, which have an unbelievable strength and incalculable power. They are like irresistible levers, like all-powerful machines, like those gigantic cranes which raise from the swarming shipyards whole quarters of floating fortresses, with turrets as heavy as antediluvian mammals. I struggle in vain with the man of suspicious and very gentle glance. From each grasp, however frenzied it be, he frees himself easily, laughing and barely raising his arms.... It is my father who thus appears to me in my dreams.... There is something *far off* in the expression of his face, something which perhaps existed when I saw him alive and which now, after more than twenty years, strikes me with full force when I see him again in a dream.

"*Far off*"—the italics are de Chirico's own. His "Portrait of a Man," generally thought to be of his father, captures that far-off expression, that feeling of terrible remoteness even in intimacy. The symbolic content of de Chirico's work is not difficult to trace, the elements are so few and so obsessional, and they all lead directly back to the absent—psychologically absent—father. Trains, usually half hidden behind walls or in alleys, announce the theme he used several times as a title: "The Melancholy of Departure." Much more rarely, he gave his paintings titles such as "The Joy of Return." The word "engineer" often appears in his titles; and the squares, triangles, and other drafting tools of his father's trade show up in his paintings with iconographic regularity. De Chirico called the paintings of this time "Memories of Italy." They were memories he never really had—an appropriate setting for a relationship that on a basic level never really existed.

One could almost read de Chirico's 1916 painting "The Melancholy of Departure" (this page) as a self-portrait: the map below a fantastical Peloponnesus, the wandering markings like a futile search for home. Above, the draftsman's tools are piled up into an almost human form, as if the artist were trying to reconstruct himself in the image of his father.

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Looked at long enough, these pieces take on a living appearance: Wood squares and metal piping become bone and intestine. What before seemed built-up, a fragile balance, now seems as if it is being torn apart, like a flayed carcass. It is part of the secret of the enormous tension, the violent dynamics in de Chirico's seemingly frozen art: the resonance between the organic and inorganic, between the world of painful loss and the airless, nonhuman realms where there is no pain.

The genesis of this image—the son trying to fabricate a personality with the bits and pieces he can salvage from his father—becomes even clearer in de Chirico's several paintings and drawings on the theme of the return of the prodigal son. In the 1917 pencil drawing "The Return," the father's eyes are closed, his expression cast down; the top of his torso is uncovered, the rest wrapped in a winding sheet that turns into the column that makes up the lower half of his body. The son is a lifeless mannequin, his arms amputated, making any embrace impossible, and from his neck sprout squares and triangles in place of a head.

By a natural syllogism, if the father becomes a column, the broken columns that litter de Chirico's landscapes might be taken as symbols of his father. The mannequins that populate the later "metaphysical" paintings were the consummate expression of this transitional state between life and lifelessness. This quality pervades de Chirico's work. It isn't so much a matter of reading symbols—the symbols are few and quickly give up their meaning—it is an atmosphere, infinitely suggestive but always, ultimately, mysterious.

His plazas and arcaded squares are the cities of our dreams. Perhaps of our nightmares; but a great calm suffuses the scene, an absolute stillness—de Chirico called his still lifes "silent lifes"—that often quiets our feelings of fright and foreboding. Isabella Far, de Chirico's wife and anti-modernist ally, wrote of de Chirico's paintings, "The enigmas of existence, purified and stripped of their frightening aspects, now bear the consoling look of the infinite."

"Nostalgia for the Infinite" might sum this up. De Chirico's titles from this time often carry such evocations: melancholy, enigma, anxiety, nostalgia—all emotions at one remove. The more truly nightmarish paintings are the ones he did during World War I while serving as a noncombatant in the Italian army, when he may possibly have had a nervous breakdown. There are claustrophobic rooms with jutting angles, and the odd images and violent perspective of a disturbed, feverish sleep.

William Rubin wishes to demonstrate that despite de Chirico's own disclaimers, he was very much a part of the School of Paris, and his work was important not only to the development of Surrealism, but to the cubism of Picasso and the fauvism of Matisse. The danger of accentuating de Chirico's place in modernism, however, is that it may lead to downplaying the artist's use of perspective. Ever since Clement Greenberg wrote the sacred texts of modernism, false suggestions of three-dimensionality or any other form of "illusionistic" painting have been deemed a violation of the "flat picture plane" and strictly taboo. But perspective is fundamental to the poetry of de Chirico's painting. His canvases often contain several different perspectives at once, and his arcaded buildings seem all to be seen from different angles. Sometimes the perspectives are foreshortened, sometimes elongated, but they all exist together in a very "illusionistic" harmony. De Chirico's multiplicity of perspectives is, finally, a multiplicity of vanishing points; the point of departure is the moment of loss. At the vanishing point, de Chirico will find his apotheosis, there he will join his father: where the parallel lines of the railway tracks meet on the horizon and disappear together into infinity.

The symbolic content of de Chirico's work all leads directly back to the absent—psychologically absent—father.

The Surrealists were only "Freudian" in the sense that they were interested in what might be called the poetry of the unconscious. They were after affect, not meaning. Freud was certainly their patron saint, but it's questionable how much of his theories, beyond the discovery of the unconscious, they absorbed or really cared to know. They were really mystics of the unconscious, and de Chirico had this mysticism in spades.

It became more pronounced in his later life; his fatuous claims to mystical powers and transcendental abilities increased in inverse proportion to the quality of his work. His claims to clairvoyance seem to rest entirely on the portrait of Apollinaire (1914) he painted while still in Paris—the target painted on Apollinaire's silhouette roughly marks the head wound the poet later received in World War I; but de Chirico frequently talked of his "second sight" and the "second aspect" of things, and he apparently felt himself to be hooked into some "Universal Genius."

De Chirico's falling out with the Surrealists came over a negative review André Breton wrote in 1928 on the artist's post-metaphysical work. Few could disagree with Breton in this case; de Chirico's descent into banality was as steep and dramatic as that of Salvador Dali (though de Chirico had farther to fall). He turned toward the old masters for guidance, often making painstaking copies and obsessing over the proper mixtures and consistencies of his oils and pigments. "*Pictor classicus sum*" (I am a classical painter), he said proudly, but his pictures of round-muscled gladiators and of horses and zebras sporting on beaches among broken columns and classical pediments were simply silly; and his fitful attempts to paint in the style of his metaphysical period only pointed up all the more how drastically he had slid from that high plateau. His habit of making copies of his earlier works, misdating some and actually changing the dates on some originals—creating a confusion that to this day hasn't been cleared up—could be seen as an attempt to artificially prolong a talent that even he knew, despite his bluster, to be on the wane.

How often it happens that, when the mystic fires burn out, the remains seem charred and worthless. Ultimately, of course, de Chirico's art was neither Freudian nor Jungian; it was intensely romantic. The bits and pieces of fragmentary personality he assembled only took on meaning in the light, or fire, of his passion. For a while it burned brighter than others', but was soon exhausted. In 1922 he wrote to Breton:

> This magnificent romanticism which we have created, my dear friend, these dreams and visions which have troubled us and which without control or suspicions we have put down on canvas or paper, all these worlds which we have painted, drawn, written and sung... posterity will judge them much better than our contemporaries and we can sleep peacefully. ■

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Louis Auchincloss Reconciles His Two Worlds

His new novel, "Watchfires," works out its theme of liberation with single-minded success. It suggests that Auchincloss himself has achieved a personal liberation.

BY DAVID BLACK

On Sinbad's fifth voyage, he encountered an old man on a beach. Out of respect for age, Sinbad lifted the old man onto his shoulders and carried him to his destination. But when Sinbad asked him to dismount, the old man refused. He gripped Sinbad around the neck so tightly that Sinbad almost suffocated. And despite the old man's small size, withered appearance, his weight was terrible.

Like Sinbad, out of respect for his elders, author and Wall Street lawyer Louis Auchincloss has carried on his shoulders generations of New Yorkers and their traditions. Like Sinbad, he almost suffocated doing it. And like Sinbad, he came away from the ordeal with a wonderful story—the toll claimed by heritage and propriety.

That is the point about Auchincloss, which is rarely acknowledged: He is a wonderful story-teller.

Yet at 64, he is probably known less for the stories he has told than for who he is: a full-time lawyer who has still managed to write 33 books in 25 years. The world described in his novels, biographies, and collections—including *The Rector of Justin*, *Portrait in Brownstone*, *Tales of Manhattan,* and *The Winthrop Covenant*—consists of exclusive prep schools, New York society conformity, blue-blood law firms, and the psychic burdens weighing on those who move in such circles. Auchincloss writes about the rich the way Updike writes about the middle class, though without the stylistic flourishes. His own social and professional positions have given him an insight that makes his work unique in contemporary literature.

Readers, however, have often misperceived him. His virtues—like his understanding of the class system in America—have been damned as faults. And his faults—like his slack style—have been praised as virtues. He was a postwar writer with what seemed to be a pre-war sensibility. And the one quality that set him apart from the rest of his literary generation—his career as a lawyer—seemed to have nothing to do with literature: He became marked in the public mind as the novelist with the double life; and this double life, like the twin images in a badly focused camera's range-finder, has tended to blur Auchincloss's achievement.

But *Watchfires*—Auchincloss's new novel, published this month by Houghton Mifflin—is so strong, and in significant ways so different from his earlier work, that it is no longer possible to misperceive his achievement. *Watchfires* is warmer, more intense, more intimate than any book he has written previously. As a writer, Auchincloss seems newly open and vulnerable. Moreover, his characters all find some sort of liberation.

Watchfires is set at the eve of the Civil War. Dexter Fairchild, a New York lawyer like many of Auchincloss's characters, frees himself from the suffocating confines of tradition and duty through what he sees as a pagan love affair with his brother-in-law's wife. Dexter's wife frees herself from the confining and traditional role as Knickerbocker mother through her involvement with the Underground Railway. Dexter's mistress frees herself from her role as a Knickerbocker mother through her bohemian sexuality. The South tries to free itself from the North, and the North from the South. Slaves free themselves from their masters. And the country frees itself from the past. The book's plot is a masterpiece of reflecting themes, the kind of mirror-play that suggests, at last, the artistic confidence of a fully matured talent.

Watchfires works out its theme of liberation with such single-minded success that it carries Auchincloss out on the other side of what seems to have been a personal and artistic obsession that has consumed him ever since he started writing as a child.

That obsession has been the two worlds that divide Auchincloss's reality—his mother's world of literature and his father's world of Wall Street. Though he does not seem comfortable discussing his private life in conversation, Auchincloss has written about it revealingly. In his autobiography, *A Writer's Capital*, he identifies his mother with books: "She was a quick and omnivorous reader. Her literary opinions were pungent, incisive, always interesting." And she had the luxury of being able to exercise those qualities, because she did not have to go to an office. "I came," Auchincloss wrote, "to think of women as a privileged, happy lot, with the right to sit home all day..., and of men as poor slaves doomed to go downtown and do dull, soul-breaking things to support their families."

He recalled summer evenings on Long Island, going to meet his father who was returning from Wall Street, "hugging him and feeling in the touch of his damp cheek that he was coming back to us, poor driven man, a hostage from the inexorable city that made a dull misery of the lives of men. And clinging to him, loving him, I felt that this would be my fate too...." Once his father took

David Black is the author, most recently, of the biography, *The King of Fifth Avenue: The Fortunes of August Belmont*, and of the novel, *Minds*.

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At home on Park Avenue: He looked for an escape from Wall Street, but "I never felt I belonged in the literary world."

Auchincloss to Wall Street to show him where he worked. "Never shall I forget the horror inspired in me by those dark narrow streets and those tall sooty towers," Auchincloss wrote.

Auchincloss's father, also a lawyer, suffered a couple of nervous breakdowns when he was in his fifties, and Auchincloss blames the first "in part on his worry over an error in a trust indenture which might have (but did not) cost his firm millions." In that breakdown, Auchincloss "felt a sad confirmation of my gloomiest anticipation." Like his father, he would be doomed to the "dull misery of the lives of men." The alternative, as he saw it—participating in the comforting and essentially feminine world of art that he knew through his mother—was a luxury granted to men only if they possessed genius.

Curiously, despite the antagonism of these competing worlds, Auchincloss described each world in similar terms in 1974. He wrote about his mother: "She was as public a person as Louis XIV and would have been perfectly at home at Versailles." He wrote about Endicott Peabody, the force behind Groton and the man Auchincloss saw as The Representative of his father's world: "I have compared him to Napoleon. Louis XIV offers an even more apt analogy. The court at Versailles was the Sun King's creation and total preoccupation," as Groton was Peabody's.

It is odd that in describing the two radically different worlds, he used the same analogy. And it may be significant that the novel that preceded *Watchfires*, *The Cat and the King*, re-created Versailles under Louis XIV. Having imagined for the first time a reality in which both his mother's world and his father's were not in opposition, something within Auchincloss seems to have been freed. It is that freedom which comes through so strongly in *Watchfires*.

Auchincloss started writing stories—using the methods of his mother's world to escape from his father's—when he was a child. Even then, his stories focused on the rich—

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although, since his parents were determined to raise their children without any feeling that they were special, Auchincloss imagined his family was middle-class, and he looked at the rich from the outside. "If you were rich," he wrote in his autobiography, "you lived in a house with a pompous beaux-arts facade and kept a butler and gave children's parties, with spun sugar on the ice cream and little cups of real silver as game prizes." Instead, he lived in a brownstone on 91st Street, around the corner from the apartment on Park Avenue where he now lives. The family kept "Irish maids who never called you 'Master Louis,'" and he was burdened with "parents who hollered up and down the stairway instead of ringing bells."

Despite the apparently necessary fantasy that even the rich have about the richer, the Auchinclosses were by most standards affluent. And, if the family arrived in Manhattan too late to be true Knickerbockers, 1803, they married well: spouses with pedigrees, fortunes, or both. They lived in Manhattan and summered on Long Island and in Bar Harbor.

Like his father, Auchincloss went to Groton (where he was unpopular) and to Yale, where he wrote his first novel. When Scribner's turned it down with a letter he has saved ever since, Auchincloss became, as he now puts it, "violently and rather absurdly discouraged. I decided I would leave Yale because I had to give up the idea of writing altogether. I had to do something else."

Something else was law. Instead of entering his senior year at Yale, Auchincloss enrolled at the University of Virginia Law School, where he began to make peace with his father's profession. He felt he had no choice. If his first novel had been accepted, he admits, "I would certainly have finished Yale, and after that I don't know. I have no idea what I would have done. I would have been dizzy with delight."

Auchincloss promised himself that "I'd never write while I was at law school. And I didn't. But there were two summers, and I wrote another novel." This book struck Auchincloss as so bad that the day he finished it he threw it out.

After law school, he joined Sullivan & Cromwell, where he had worked one summer. The firm, which was a sink of power—John Foster Dulles was a partner—became the world for Auchincloss: an orderly universe in which the corporate hierarchy was the Great Chain of Being. In his stories, he would again and again use a law firm as a microcosm.

During World War II, Auchincloss was assigned to Navy Intelligence in the Panama Canal Zone; then to more active duty in both the European and Asian theaters. "The war ended while we were in California having the ship repaired," Auchincloss says. "I had plenty of time on my hands, and I started the novel that became *The Indifferent Children*," which he sold to Prentice-Hall.

Auchincloss felt this book was his last chance—at achieving a writing career, at escaping from the world of duty, the world that contributed to his father's nervous breakdowns. Yet he had difficulty presenting himself to the world as a writer—and so did his parents, who insisted that he publish the book under a pseudonym. He chose Andrew Lee, a great-great-grandfather of his mother's who had cursed any of his descendants who ever smoked or drank.

At his law firm: "I can write almost anywhere."

Shortly after *The Indifferent Children* was published, Auchincloss was lunching with a friend, who "opened up the old *Sun*," Auchincloss recalls. "There was a big spread saying here is a worthy successor to Henry James."

A quarter of a century later, when he speaks of the review, a new note enters his voice: an amused and puzzled and pleased tone. He cocks his head as though listening for an echo—a kind of emotional sonar, bouncing the memory of the review off the feeling he had when he first read it and judging how far he is from the young man who had just published his first book.

"It was the most wonderful feeling in the entire world," he says.

"What did you do that afternoon?"

"Oh," he says. "I went back to work."

Which is how he spent the next five years: fitting his writing career into the spare time left him by his law practice. His method then, as it is now, is to write whenever he can and only if he feels like it.

"I've never had a fixed schedule," he explains. "What I've vaguely tried to do is first drafts on weekends," when he and his wife, Adele, go to their country place in Bedford, New York. "Then, I use the week"—half an hour during the day at the office; 15 minutes here and 20 minutes there—"to rewrite. I can write almost anywhere." But "early morning is always best."

He has kept to this plan except for a couple of years, 1952 and 1953, when he quit Sullivan & Cromwell to devote all his time to writing. By then he had published a book of short stories and another novel; and his parents had, as he says, "come round. I think they regretted a little bit how hard they'd been on the whole thing."

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During his years as a full-time writer, Auchincloss made little money, and his parents supported him. He went into psychoanalysis and started hanging out at the White Horse, a bar frequented by a mix of bohemians and hipsters. "Vance Bourjaily, who was my friend, set it up," Auchincloss recalls. "He got us all together. Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, William Styron, Hortense Calisher, Jean Stafford, Calder Willingham...."

In his autobiography, Auchincloss wrote, "I did not realize how much I wanted to be included until Norman Mailer congratulated me on a short story entitled 'The Gem-like Flame,' which had just appeared....He gave me the only true compliment that one writer can give to another. He said he would not have minded having written it himself."

Recently, Auchincloss bought a mint-condition copy of *The Naked and the Dead*. He asked Mailer to inscribe the book, which Mailer did, writing about all the good talk at the White Horse Tavern. "I think it went on all night, you know," Auchincloss says. "I always went home early, so I probably missed whatever it was." Ironically, hanging out with the literary set turned into as much a duty as law had seemed. And he was even less comfortable in it. "I never felt I belonged in the literary world at all," he says.

Moreover, despite the long days of writing, his output had not changed. So in 1954 he returned to Wall Street and what is still his firm: Hawkins, Delafield & Wood, where he has specialized in estate planning, trusts, and wills. Although he has kept his full-time job, he has published more books than most of the gang from the White Horse who

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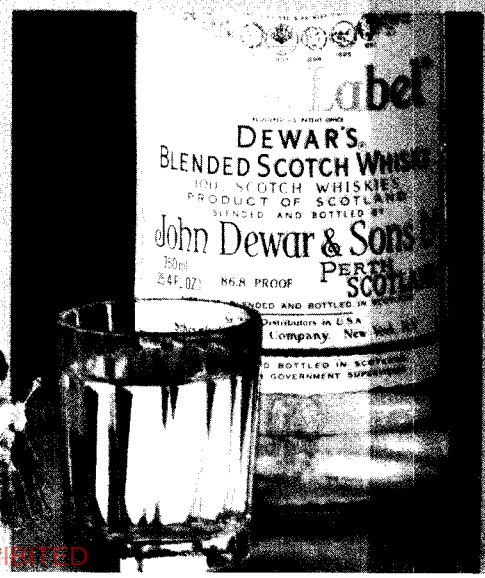

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maintained their status as full-time writers.

Today, Auchincloss's home in New York City reflects the separate lives he has led through his adult life: His apartment is on Park Avenue, but it is homey, even cottage-like in its interior. There are albums filled with photographs of friends and relatives—and a complete set of Auchincloss's books bound in leather.

Auchincloss himself looks at least a decade younger than his 64 years. He strides rather than strolls through his apartment. In fact, he seems with his vigor and good spirits to be less a lawyer and writer than a retired athlete—though he has never been a sports enthusiast. Yet when he speaks, there is a certain patrician tilt of the head that can be misconstrued as imperial. William Buckley has patented this attitude on television. But the tilt is deceptive: It is not imperial; it is a sign of attentiveness. When Auchincloss speaks about his sons—John, 23, a Yale graduate who is studying law at the University of Virginia; Blake, 22, who is at Williams College; and Andrew, 18, who will graduate from Groton this spring—his voice develops a lilt of pride.

When the conversation turns to his new novel, *Watchfires*, Auchincloss sits forward, his attention sharpening. The story, he acknowledges, developed over two decades, starting with a true story he found in the diary of George Templeton Strong, whom Auchincloss has called "the Pepys of 19th-century New York." Auchincloss wrote up the incident for *American Heritage*, which bought the article but never published it because the magazine's editor, Bruce Catton, said—according to Auchincloss—"Who today, in an age of easy divorce, is interested in a story about how difficult it was to get a divorce or a separation in the late 1850s?"

"I wrote a note to Bruce Catton saying, 'I couldn't agree with you more; and, as long as we don't have slaves, who cares about the Civil War?'" Auchincloss beams at his riposte. "I thought that was rather good."

The essay appeared in 1961 in Auchincloss's collection, *Reflections of a Jacobite* and reappeared in 1976 as a short story, "In the Beauty of the Lilies Christ Was Born Across the Sea," a chapter in *The Winthrop Covenant*. "But I kept coming back to it," says Auchincloss. "There were things about war that were enormously worth writing. I kept thinking of my friend Ralph Ellison, the author of *The Invisible Man*, who told me once, 'I tell my classes, who are, of course, anti-war, I say, "Don't knock all wars. There was one war that most of the people in this room owe a great deal to."' And I always came back to that.

"The Civil War always seemed to me possibly the one war in history that was worth fighting. It also seemed to me, through what I've read, that the scene on both sides was filled with all the hysteria and violence that cause unnecessary wars—but in this case happened to be causing a war that perhaps was necessary. That sort of thing is the difficulty of the novel."

The story's next incarnation was as a television screenplay that was never produced, and it has ended in the novel. For someone who has read the short story, a ghost hovers behind *Watchfires*. Certain scenes are changed completely. Others not at all. A few just enough to shift emphasis. In all changes and in the unchanged scenes that are placed in a new context, the effect is to create a complexity new to Auchincloss's work.

"I feel, you know, I really should have had a better audience. Then I think, no; actually, it's extraordinary how much I have had."

Gore Vidal has claimed that Auchincloss's characters have always been complex—and they are, in a jeweled-watch kind of way: wheels within wheels, motives within motives, all ticking away and moving the plots forward. In *Watchfires*, the complexity is a different sort. It's organic, even messy, the complexity of a marsh, the boggy, intertwining complexity of confused lives.

Identifying Auchincloss's position on the literary totem pole is a problem. He is taken seriously by academics, but often only in order to dismiss him as an anachronistic throw-back to Henry James or Edith Wharton or as a late-model John P. Marquand or John O'Hara. He is popular—with four major selections of the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club—but not too popular. "I have not achieved the big mass audience, the heavy paperback following," he says.

As for *Watchfires*: "Well," he says, "I think it's probably difficult to follow because it is so totally divided in its sympathies and interests." He adjusts his shirt cuffs and sighs. "I feel, you know, I really should have had a better audience. Then I think, no; actually it's extraordinary how much I have had."

Auchincloss seems content in the artistic niche into which he has been put. And the criticisms and virtues that appear in reviews of his work haven't changed much over the years.

It is true that he is not a master stylist. He is capable of using a prefabricated phrase: describing someone who knows society "like a book." And he can produce a rat's nest of a sentence: "For if the old Puritanism of the Handys and Howlands had been diluted in her to the point of excluding the sin that existed only in the mind, or at least of ranking it as less culpable than its robuster brethren, the ancient sense of guilt had been replaced by an equally sharp horror of seeming ridiculous."

But he is equally capable of a phrase that is both accurate and surprising: "the twin sins of adultery and incest." And he can startle with: "Here Mr. Handy, turning to his son-in-law, drew the lid of one eye slowly over the eyeball, like a chicken." As for the recurrent accusation that the world he writes about is small: The world Auchincloss writes about, the world of America's ruling class, is no smaller—and is, in fact, probably larger—than Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County or Hardy's Wessex. And its influence is vast—a point argued most notably by Gore Vidal, a stepson of Hugh D. Auchincloss, Louis's father's first cousin. The very fact that Auchincloss is related to Vidal—and to Jacqueline Onassis (who was a stepdaughter by another marriage of Hugh D. Auchincloss and is therefore a two-step sibling of Vidal's) and to novelist C.D.B. Bryan (who is a second-cousin-once-removed) and through Bryan to John O'Hara (who married Bryan's mother)—suggests that Auchincloss's world is not only influential but highly visible.

How good, finally, is *Watchfires*? How good is Auchincloss? Adding up his assets (complex characters; a persuasive, insider's vision of a rarefied but powerful world; an entertaining sense of narrative) and his debits (occasional stylistic infelicities) Auchincloss proves to be a sound, no-risk blue-chip, with reliable dividends. ■

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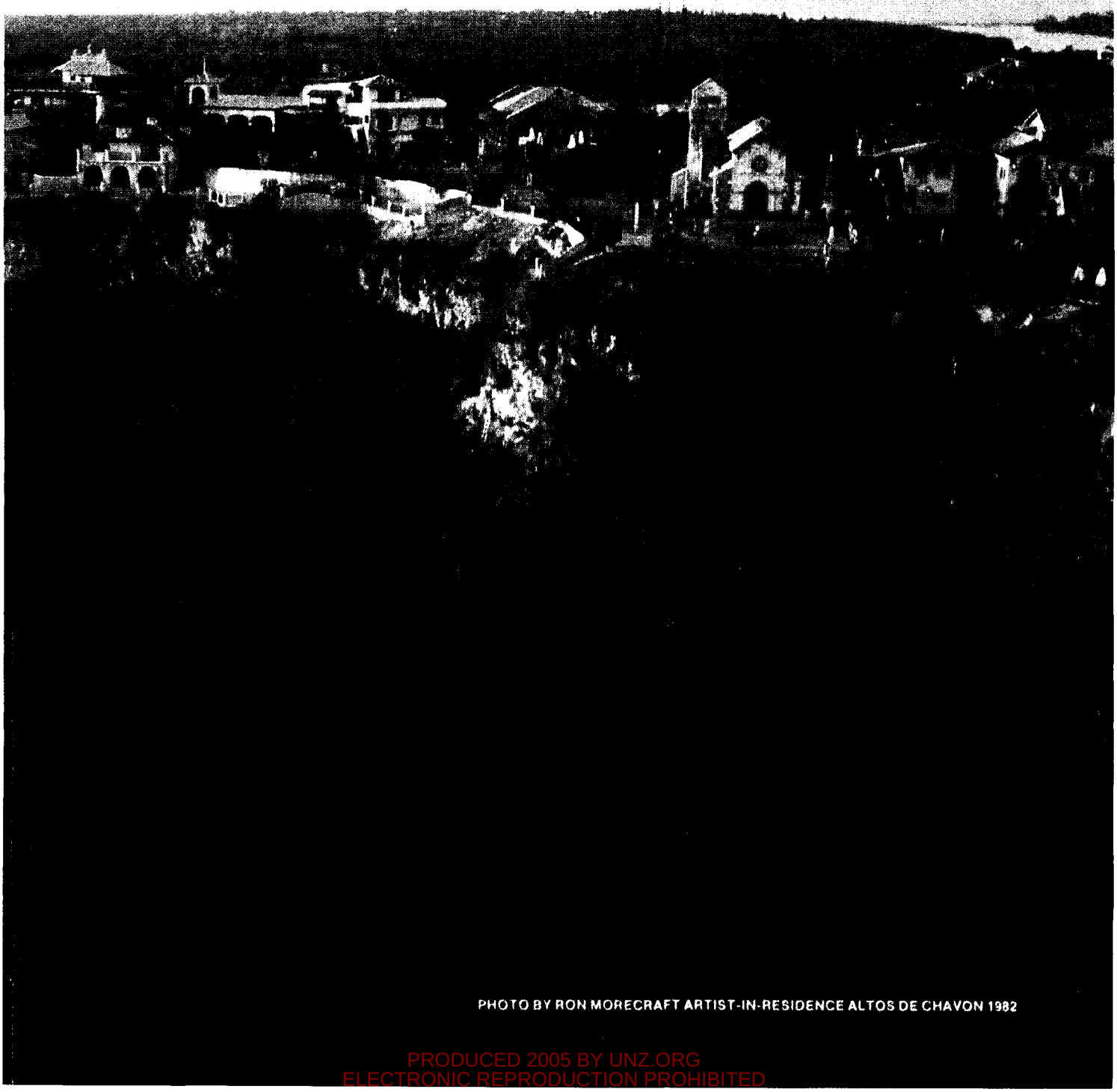

PHOTO BY RON MORECRAFT ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE ALTOS DE CHAVON 1982

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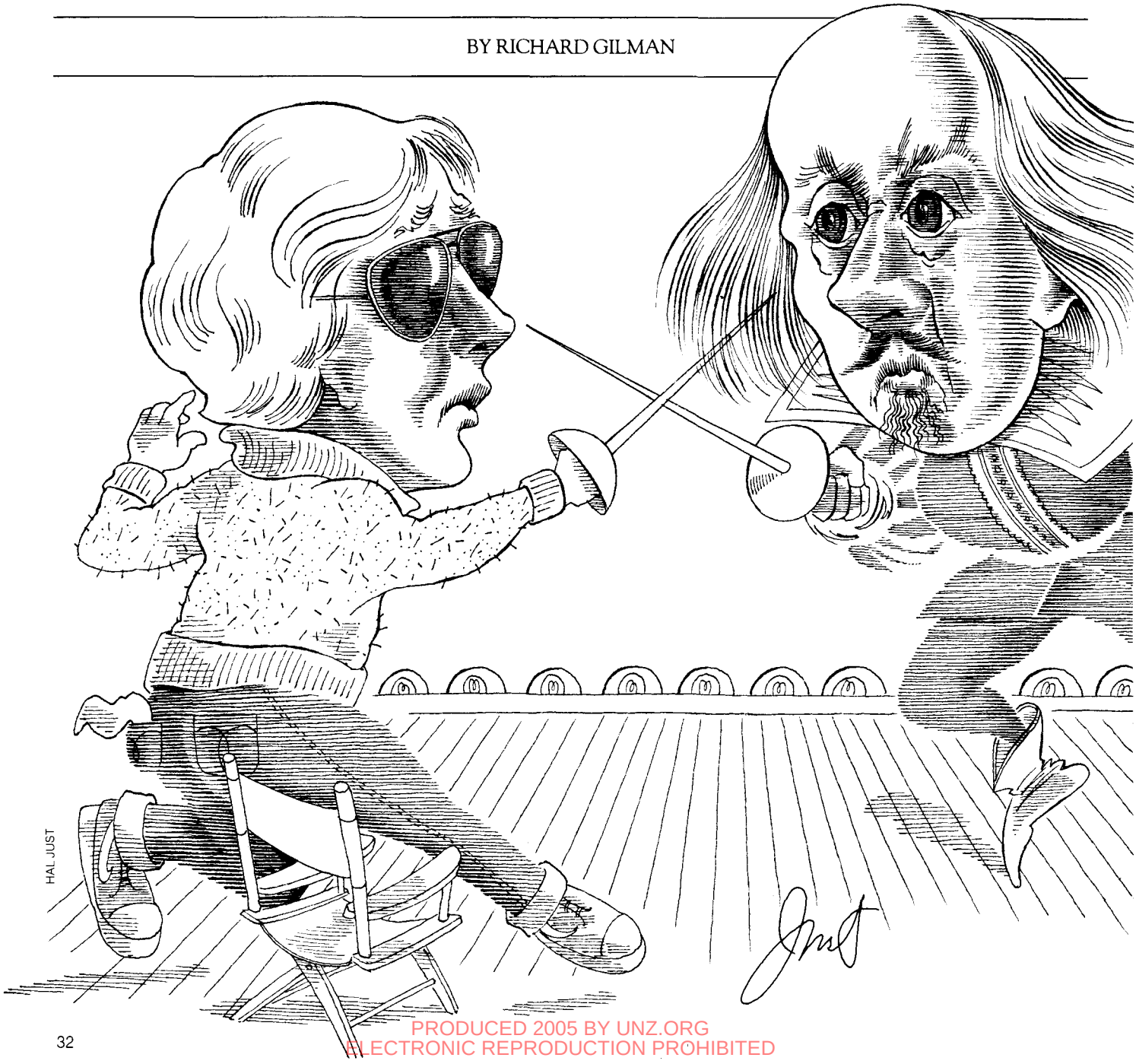
Directors vs. Playwrights

The great classic plays are all too often butchered by directors who think they can "improve" Shakespeare or Chekhov. Usually they can't.

BY RICHARD GILMAN



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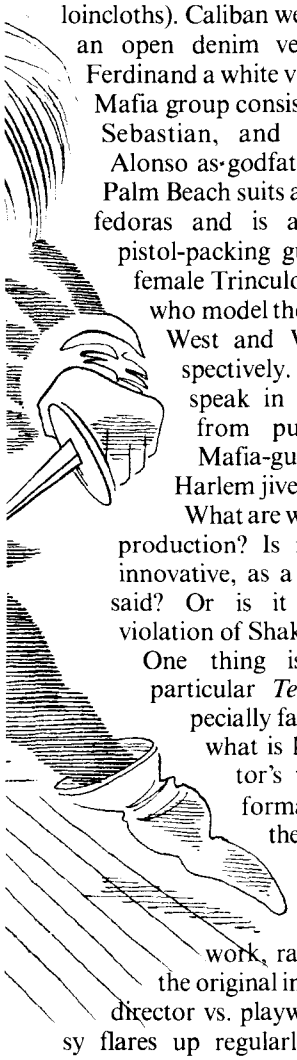
A sweltering evening in Central Park. At the New York Shakespeare Festival's open-air Delacorte Theater a capacity audience awaits a free performance of *The Tempest*, the Bard's wonderful last play, full of sea changes and airy miracles. People glance at their programs when not using them as fans and see that there will be "Malaysian dances," gamelan and samba music, and that Ariel will be played by 11 actors simultaneously. As the drama begins, the strains of "Hi Ho, Hi Ho" and "Whistle While You Work" come over the public-address system. An actor in baggy Arab pants and a turban squats on the stage and starts to brew potions, after which a toy helicopter is set flying about.

The production's "relevance" is unflagging. (The program says: "Time: this evening. Place: an island in Central Park near Belvedere Lake.") A sumo wrestler appears and shakes the stage with thunderous stampings. The 11 Ariels rush on in parachutists' outfits (later they'll wear loincloths). Caliban wears ragged jeans, an open denim vest, and shades; Ferdinand a white vinyl jump-suit. A Mafia group consisting of Antonio, Sebastian, and Gonzalo, with Alonso as godfather, shows up in Palm Beach suits and big-brimmed fedoras and is accompanied by pistol-packing guards. There's a female Trinculo and a Stephano who model themselves on Mae West and W.C. Fields, respectively. The performers speak in various accents, from punk-Cockney to Mafia-guttural to streetsy Harlem jive. And so on.



What are we to make of this production? Is it liberated and innovative, as a few critics have said? Or is it an outrageous violation of Shakespeare's intent? One thing is certain: This particular *Tempest* is an especially far-out example of what is known as "director's theater"—a performance in which the director imposes his own extreme vision on a playwright's classic work, radically changing the original in the process. The director vs. playwright controversy flares up regularly—for instance, over an all-black *Mother Courage* directed by Ntozake Shange in New York's Soho; or a ritualistically primitive *Agamemnon* directed by Andrei Serban at Lincoln Center; or a *King Lear* directed by Daniel Mesguich at last year's Avignon Festival in France, during which, as Lear died, a character declared, "God is a pig."

To understand director's theater and how it has come about, begin with the director of the Central Park *Tempest*: Lee Breuer, fortyish, founder and head of the Mabou Mines company, whose work has been described as forming a "theater of images," a mode that rejects sequential narrative and subordinates speech to visual and aural effects. (Other practitioners of such theater are Robert Wilson and Richard Foreman.) Breuer can be imaginative or boring by turns, when he's directing or acting in his own pieces with his own company. But he's anti-intellectual, a populist whose visual sense, in keeping with the times, is set against his nearly deaf ear for language. A dangerous fellow to be handed *The Tempest*, but then, all exemplars of director's theater are dangerous—to propriety and convention at best, to reason and drama itself at worst.

Director's theater in its most specific meaning refers to a body of stage work created by people like Breuer, writer-directors who owe at least as much to the visual arts, dance, and music as to traditional drama. More broadly, the phrase refers to a tendency, increasingly evident lately, for directors who stage other people's plays to take liberties with texts, especially of classics, to place their own contribution on a par with the dramatist's and sometimes beyond, and in general to "take over" the theater, as the decriers of such goings-on put it. What its defenders say is that director's theater has heightened the theatrical values of contemporary plays and, most important, given new life to classics, by refusing to be bound by tradition, which, in such a view, is really frozen convention.

Director's theater has also rejected certain rights—of texts, of authors—one would have thought inviolable. Peter Brook, some of whose own Shakespearean productions have been superb, has said, "I do not for one moment question the rewriting of Shakespeare," and Jonathan Miller, the madcap physician turned director, has flatly stated, "I don't believe one has any duty or obligation to an author, once he's dead. The play becomes a public object. One should be able to do to it exactly what one wants."

Though this isn't quite as appalling and indefensible a statement as it might seem, it does represent a directorial arrogance that makes itself felt at the leading edge of the theater everywhere these days. Louis Jouvet, a fine director as well as actor, once wrote: "Almost all directors after a few years of modest service dream of showing their stature and the scale of their imagination.... They are seized with a violent desire to make over masterpieces and to express at last their own personal perceptions.... The profession of the director suffers from the disease of immodesty."

It wasn't always so. It would doubtless surprise the ordinary theatergoer to learn that the very notion of a director as a distinct figure is scarcely a century old. Until well past Shakespeare's time, as far as we know, performances were organized and shaped, in so far as they were shaped at all, from within, by one or another member of the acting company, whose task seems to have been simply to see that what needed to be done was done, at the right time and with as little confusion as possible.

Later there appeared in England and elsewhere the "actor-manager," a star performer who ran a company and dictated the nature of productions, usually disposing their elements so as to set off his or her own talents and charms. It wasn't until the mid-19th century that directors in anything like the modern sense came into being, and it wasn't until the 1870s that the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen would startle the theater world with his well-drilled troupe, whose work aimed at creating for every production a unitary, coherent effect.

At the end of the century, with groups like André Antoine's Théâtre Libre and the Moscow Art Theater of Stanislavski and Nemirovich-Danchenko, directing became a primary component of all theatrical work, including the most narrowly commercial. More than that, the director began to be a chief source of theatrical ideas, so that the history of 20th-century theater is at least as much one of directorial theory and practice as of dramatic innovation.

Stanislavski, Meyerhold, Gordon Craig, Artaud, Brecht (in his directorial role), Grotowski, Brook: Whether or not they called themselves or were called directors, they make up the great line of modern directorial thinking, whose chief tenet is that every production has to have an "idea" behind it, that texts have to be interpreted, or *reinterpreted*, and not simply placed literally, faithfully on stage. Meyerhold, Stanislavski's bril-

Richard Gilman, president of PEN American Center, is professor of drama at Yale University. His last book was *Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet.*.

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liant, wayward disciple, and the man from whom true directorial megalomania might be said to have sprung, even had himself listed in the programs of plays he directed at his theater as "author of the spectacle."

Since then the practice has spread of billing the director above the playwright or, as with Shakespeare and others, attaching the director's name to a particular production. We speak of Brook's *King Lear*, Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, Andrei Serban's *Cherry Orchard*. This has connections with the older practice of affixing a star performer's name to a role he or she has become famous for: Kean's Hamlet, Olivier's Richard or Henry, Duse's Mrs. Alving. But it has even stronger affinities with the way film directors take or are given credit (or blame) for their works. A major element in the rise of director's theater has been the craving of theater directors for the kind of independence, the creative leeway, that some of their film counterparts have always been given.

The obstacle in the way of this is simply the enormous difference between the functions of the screenwriter and the dramatist. Films aren't primarily made up of literary materials, but of visual components and the relations between them, and it's the film director who largely selects and orders them. On the stage, where the play, the text, *is* (or was) the thing, the director hasn't originated the work but is there, theoretically at least, to serve it.

The traditional obligation of the director, once he emerged, was to take charge of a body of actors while subordinating himself to a text, in somewhat the same way a conductor does to an orchestra and a score. His task, as the stage designer Lee Simonson said about Saxe-Meiningen, was to "visualize an entire performance and give it unity as an interpretation by complete control of every moment of it." Even more fundamentally his job was to move a text from, so to speak, paper to boards, to give it palpable existence.

It's just this question of how texts can and ought to be brought to physical life that's been at the center of theatrical theory and experiment since the time ended when all the animation that was wanted was the presence and mystique of star performers. There are still stars in the theater, of course, but for any intelligent or not wholly commercial director, stars can as easily injure a production—by overriding the text, tipping everything their way—as give it truth and force. Indeed, the rise of the director stemmed in part from a revolt against the star system in favor of ensemble playing. The irony is that the director has become the new star; *his* presence, *his* interpretation, and often *his* mystique are what rule.

MARTHA SWOPE

Alonso and his Mafia-styled bodyguards in Lee Breuer's *Tempest*: They injured the play through their pop specificity, violating Shakespeare's general spirit.

All right. He has a case. Nothing is drearier than the sort of traditional, literal-minded production of Shakespeare or Chekhov, say, that bases itself on detailed research into Elizabethan England or turn-of-the-century Russia and presents the play as though it were a museum piece. And nothing is more limiting than the "accepted" way to stage anything. Times and perceptions change and the way we do plays ought to change with them. For new plays there's no history of production, so we should be free to risk whatever might "work."

So then, armed with the justification that audiences are irritated or bored by conventional renderings of the classics or straightforward mountings of any play, the auteur-director (to borrow a term from films) feels free to devise or invent what will wake them up. A crucial fact about plays as scripts lends itself to his ambition: Between any written text and its physical realization on stage is a zone of uncertainty, incompleteness, an area where interpretation is precisely what's necessary. To take some examples from stage directions: Shakespeare's *Henry V* says merely "a field in France"; Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* says "in the distance the outlines of a large town." The director has the obligation to "create" or suggest France or the town, and the opportunity to do it in whatever way he wants.

Going deeper, we find ever more subtle and ambiguous areas between written texts and plays on stage. In recent years we've come to use the term "sub-text" to indicate the life implied beneath or behind the dialogue and the indicated physical actions; this existence, so the notion goes, is in rather the same proportion to the total life of a play as the visible part of an iceberg is to its total bulk. It has been precisely in the region of sub-text that the auteur-director has been able to exercise his wildest inventiveness and so to commit his greatest crimes.

A few examples. In Breuer's *Tempest*, Alonso's guards dress and act like Chicago hoodlums. Well, the text does say "guards," so Breuer is free to imagine them as *bodyguards*, a much more specific and modern category. The trouble is that this adds something distracting to the play, injures it through its pop specificity, and violates its general spirit. Again, in Serban's *Cherry Orchard*, the silhouette of a huge factory dominates the outline of the town Chekhov mentions. What's wrong with this is that it implies something Chekhov didn't: industrialism about to replace the dying world of the landed gentry. It was this sort of thing that Chekhov tried to guard against by calling the play a "comedy" so as to prevent Stanislavski from directing it as a heavy, somber sociological drama.

Serban is following on Stanislavski's heels. Great as he was, Stanislavski often was seduced into perversions of texts by the seemingly limitless scope of the director's freedom. As an assistant of his once said, "A stage direction or a single phrase in a play called forth all sorts of images in his mind and these very often played havoc with an author's text."

Such free readings of texts as I've described may not seem to suggest havoc, but they're almost always part of a larger

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action, in which the highest crimes of director's theater take place. This is the matter of shifting plays from their original settings or, most radically, their original times. The justification is always "relevance." Behind the transposition, say, of Chekhov to the antebellum south, or Shakespeare to the 1890s, or Breuer's *Tempest* to the present, is the idea that the plays can't live without such modernization or relocation, can't "speak to us" in their original lineaments and settings. And this in turn implies that the classics are in need of rehabilitation, as though they were wounded, decrepit, abject victims of time.

What are we to say of this? Does time cripple novels or poems, so that we can no longer read them? Does it injure music so that at some point it can't be listened to? Are old movies unviewable? The auteur-director of a modernizing bent would argue that these analogies are false, since literary texts, musical scores, and films are finished objects, fixed and impossible to alter (except by a bowdlerizer's scissors), while written plays are sets of suggestions for their own enactment. When Jonathan Miller asserts that plays on stage can be anything one wants, he's speaking from a common belief that plays are only alive on the stage and that it's the director who's the chief conferrer of that life.

This argument contains some truth but it's also full of half-truth and false premises. To begin with, there's the question of what we mean by "life." Of course the stage contains physical life while texts do not. But does this mean that written plays have no life at all? The fact that we read many plays with great pleasure (often more than we get from bad productions) establishes that there is a life on the page, an *artistic* life. And the relation between this type of existence and the physical one that unfolds on stage—also artistic but in a different manner—is what ought to determine the extent of directorial freedom.

There are limits to what may be done to a text and these are set within the text itself. They have to do with coherence, aesthetic appropriateness, plausibility; and with the imaginative and intellectual vision of a work, its tone, weight, and individuality. These make up the "life" that has to be respected. There isn't any single *right* way to do Shakespeare, for instance, but there are wrong ways, and updating is almost always one of them. When, in a production of *Hamlet*, Laertes appears in white flannels and carries a tennis racquet, and Fortinbras is accompanied by British tommies with a walkie-talkie; or when, in a far-out *Macbeth*, the witches are seen on two television screens, anachronism, discordance, idiosyncrasy reign, and a new vision, inferior in its very *au courantism*, is substituted for the old.

Peter Hall, a great Shakespearean director, has said, "I think that doing Shakespeare in modern dress is on the whole crazy.... Though it illuminates... it always cuts off much. It is a direct and crude way of making *some* signals work." The signals Hall means are those that have to do with "relevance." The hope is that substituting contemporary dress, speech inflections, physical objects, current references, and so on, for those of the original text will allow greater access to the play's life; it will overcome the archaisms. But where is that life to be found except in an intricate embodiment in its own contemporaneity? What's cut off is the mesh of relations among speech, gesture, and action, the very sense of life, the great paradigmatic visions that are, beyond the lines themselves, Shakespeare's poetry. What's removed, in the interest of timeliness, is the timeless.

But directors aren't the only culprits. What feeds director's theater in one of its forms is a widespread present dislike for or boredom with history. History doesn't speak to us, people say, meaning the past in all its forms and therefore classics as well. Why do Shakespeare at all then? Ah, but Shakespeare's wonderful, a genius—except that he's outdated, arthritic with old age. So, as in Breuer's *Tempest*, he's given contemporary attire and accents, made to look and sound like the life we know. (Except for some of the language, but a little editing can help.) He's rendered *unhistorical*, another victim of the erosion of our sense of time.

Is the alternative to this the type of museum production of Shakespeare—or any playwright—that was described before? A model exists to prove it isn't: Peter Brook's *King Lear* of the middle 1960s. It was an immensely original production, but its originality didn't consist in modernizing Shakespeare or making him relevant. Brook's daring move was to strip the play of all the conventional theatrical baggage, the panoply and excessive detail—of costumes, props, etc.—that so often make seeing Shakespeare far more tedious than reading him. The acting, too, was subdued, lean; there was nothing conventionally "Shakespearean" about it, no grandiloquence or underscoring of emotion. The result of all this was to allow the language to shine through as it rarely does on stage, to give us the play in its true life.

One can't be optimistic that directors will curb their itch to express themselves in the guise of revealing the play. One force behind the growth of director's theater is the present cult of personality, together with the belief in a right to do "one's own thing" in every area high or low. At the turn of the century, Jacques Copeau, a director and leader of the new theater in France, saw the first signs of what would develop into phenomena like director's theater. "Let us hope," he wrote in warning, "for a dramatist who replaces or eliminates the director, and personally takes over the directing; rather than for professional directors who pretend to be dramatists." After all this time, it isn't going to be easy to dislodge the pretender. ■

Andrei Serban's *Cherry Orchard* at Lincoln Center: "The limits to what may be done to a text...have to do with coherence, aesthetic appropriateness, plausibility."

SY FRIEDMAN

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Why Ingmar Bergman Will Stop Making Films

"I sense that my body doesn't want it anymore. Suddenly, toward evening, at four o'clock, I'm tired to death...."

BY FREDERICK J. AND LISE-LONE MARKER

Ingmar Bergman has talked frequently in recent years about the prospect of retiring from the onerous physical labor of filmmaking. Now, that prospect is about to become a reality; Bergman's next two films, he says, will definitely be his last.

In 1976, while Bergman was in the midst of a rehearsal, Swedish police took him into custody for questioning about alleged tax irregularities. The charges were subsequently dropped, but the incident had a shattering effect on him. Three months later, he left Sweden for West Germany. "I can no longer live in a land where my honor is publicly and unjustly impugned," he declared.

The breach seems at last to have been healed. After nearly six years of self-imposed exile in West Germany, where his last three feature films have been produced, the eminent Scandinavian director has now come home to make Fanny and Alexander, *the most ambitious film ever attempted in Sweden. It is a film that Bergman calls "a dream of life"—and it will, almost certainly, have more than a touch of the farewell gesture about it.*

Our talk took place on a bright, sunny fall afternoon in Stockholm. Bergman, at 63, looked fit and rested after a summer at his beloved island retreat of Farö. "Autumn is my season," he says. The conversation is relaxed. Bergman laughs often. In the small, comfortable screening room where we sit, the only wall decoration is a large, framed photograph of Victor Sjöström as Professor Isak Borg in Wild Strawberries—*a silent reminder of the greatness of the Bergman past. A reminder of the present is the silence and lack of bustle in the rooms and offices around us—a certain sign that all is in characteristic readiness for the arduous work that is to begin in three days' time.*

SR *How much time will you spend rehearsing* Fanny and Alexander?

BERGMAN We don't rehearse at all. It's very dangerous to rehearse when you make a picture.

SR *So you'll begin the actual shooting on Monday?*

BERGMAN On Tuesday. It's very unwise to begin on a Monday, because some catastrophe always happens over the weekend. Then you have Monday to fix it. Besides, it's bad luck to begin anything on a Monday.

SR *It's said to be the most expensive Swedish film ever made.*

BERGMAN Yes, it's a huge project—150 actors—six months of shooting time. It's a Swedish family story that takes place at the beginning of the century. And it looks very beautiful, I must say. I love that period.

SR *It's hard to believe the news that this is to be your last major film. Do you really mean that?*

BERGMAN Oh, yes. Once *Fanny and Alexander* is finished, I'll make just one more film—a very experimental, controversial one. I wrote it last summer, and I think I'll have to rewrite it next summer. When that's over, I look forward to being lazy. Saying yes to my inner personality. Here inside me, you know, there's a very lazy man. He hasn't appeared yet, but he will appear!

SR *When you start shooting next week, you'll be directing in Swedish again. Is that a strange feeling after all this time?*

BERGMAN It's a nice feeling. It's a terrible thing to direct in a foreign language. After the first two years in Germany, I got used to it, and there weren't as many difficulties. But those first two years were terrible—directing *A Dream Play* and *Three Sisters*. The German period was good for me, though. It was a very good lesson to work with that sort of actor.

SR *What sort of actor do you mean?*

BERGMAN The German actors live without a sense of security, so they are much more aggressive and much more under stress. And they are much more aware of their profession—they're extremely professional—and also extremely impatient. That can be good in a way, though, because they always try to jump over their limits, to find new ways—the better ones do—and I like that very much. Here in Sweden everybody has his social security, and we are much more relaxed when we work. The quality of professional know-how isn't on the same level as in Germany. But the level of talent here is the same. I think it will be lovely to come back to Dramaten [the Royal Dramatic Theater] to direct. I would love to return and work in my own language.

SR *You will never give up directing*

Frederick J. Marker and his wife, Lise-Lone Marker, teach at the University of Toronto. Their book, *Ingmar Bergman: Four Decades in the Theater*, was published by Cambridge University Press in December.

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Bergman in 1977 on the set of *Autumn Sonata*.

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for the theater, then?

BERGMAN No, never. I hope I will have the chance to work in the theater until they carry me out. Because that is a great joy to me. And besides, it's no strain. That is work for a lazybones.

SR *Is your decision to give up making films connected in any way with your artistic outlook? Years ago you made the point that art (and not only the art of the cinema) lacks importance—that it no longer serves the same purpose it perhaps once did.*

BERGMAN I don't think I have changed my mind about that. Art can have immense therapeutic value, but the time for art to be an agent of change, a force for reform, has passed. The other media have taken over that function. I make my films so people can use them, and then if somebody is able to understand something better, I feel I've made a good film. Art exists, you see, to console, to enlighten, to help, to shock—and it can go on doing all those things. But the assumption that art can bring us new ideas, fresh impulses—I haven't much confidence in that.

SR *Did that viewpoint enter into your decision to stop making films?*

BERGMAN No, no, no. Not at all. I never feel bitter or disappointed or anything like that—it's just a fact we must accept. Of course I enjoy making my pictures—I'm still obsessed by it. But I have seen too many directors who are tired inside and whose bodies are tired, too—seen them making picture after picture. I still have my vitality, I still have my curiosity, my obsession—and I want to stop before all that disappears. When you get to be 63, you have a leg that hurts, you have a bad stomach, you have an eye that doesn't function very well, you have a shoulder that hurts—you get to become a little bit of a ruin. You may laugh, but it's true.

You know, it's been two years now since I made a film. I made *Marionettes* two years ago; and four years ago I made *Autumn Sonata*; and five years ago I made *Serpent's Egg*. And I sense that my body doesn't want it anymore. Suddenly toward evening, at four o'clock, I'm tired to death, and I don't want to be that sort of.... My body is tired and it hurts, and you realize these are signals, warnings to take it easy. For me, you see, film isn't just a spiritual matter. It isn't just a question of creativity and spiritual power alone.

ARNE CARLSSON

Bergman directing *Fanny and Alexander*: His penultimate film, it marks Bergman's return to filmmaking in his homeland after six years of self-imposed exile.

It's also to a great extent a physical matter. At least with the kind of craftsmanship I put into films. That is a great strain. It begins to be too much.

SR *Your decision to stop will leave a great many disappointed people behind.*

BERGMAN Yes, I know that. It's very curious. I have been making pictures for 40 years, and when I finish this next one, I will have made about 45 or 46 pictures. That is a great many. Naturally I'll go on making films for television, and I will find that very exciting. But a TV film isn't so difficult; it lasts about an hour, 50 minutes. That means a shooting time of two or three weeks, not a shooting time of six months.

SR Fanny and Alexander *is exceptional in that respect, though.*

BERGMAN Yes, it's exceptional—but even 40 or 50 shooting days is a very, very long time. More than two months. Whether you're rehearsing at the theater or whether you're shooting a film, you *know* when you're good and when you're not good. And when you feel you aren't good at the theater, it doesn't matter. You can say: I'm not good today, but perhaps I'll be better on Friday. But when you aren't good in the studio you start to sweat, because you know that you're making about three minutes of the finished picture, the final result, every single day. That's a terrible feeling. One off day is all right, because you can remake it. But if you have two days or three days or five days like that, you start to have a sense of desperation. And that's no good for creativity.

I have the feeling that as long as I find my picture exciting to make, people will find it exciting to watch. The moment I'm too scared or too tired, you will see that in the picture—the picture will be scared and tired. That's how it is. In 1970 or so I made a picture that I hate—*The Touch*—and that's a very good example. That was a down period for me—there was nothing wrong with me, I just felt that this was a time to stop. I had made *The Passion of Anna* just prior to that, and it was a terrible film. I don't dislike *The Passion:* In a way I like that film very much, but I was very disappointed with it. I have the feeling that picture doesn't reach the audience, so there must be something wrong with it. Well, after that I made *The Touch*, and everything went wrong with that picture from the very first moment. I was tired to death and sad and unhappy while I was shooting it, and I said to myself, *never* again. I will never again make another film under those circumstances.

SR *Yet the curious thing is that during that very same period, in the early 1970s, you directed two of the best stage productions of your career*—A Dream Play *and* The Wild Duck.

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BERGMAN That's the difference between working in the theater and making a film. At the theater you have your security, you can relax, you're surrounded by friends. That's why working in the theater is, for me, a way of living—that's the best of all. It's not the result that matters most; it's the atmosphere that matters—the time we had together when we worked on the play. And if you are together with actors who share the same way of thinking, the same attitude toward their job, it's wonderful.

SR *Do you feel more isolated as a film director?*

BERGMAN Completely isolated. Directing a film, you always say we're one big family, we all love each other, we are together. And in a way that's true—but in another sense, you are totally isolated. There is the crew, over here are the actors, and here stands the director. And he makes all the decisions. He makes about 10,000 decisions every day, and he knows that 50 percent of those decisions will be bad ones. Only a very small percentage will be good decisions.

SR *And you can never tell that to the actors, can you?*

BERGMAN No.

SR *Of course, your own personal way of making a film puts an added strain on you, doesn't it? You wouldn't dream, for instance, of adopting the Hollywood system of leaving those decisions to someone else. Don't you want to make all the decisions yourself?*

BERGMAN Yes. My pictures are handmade, from beginning to end. I cannot rely—as other directors do—on assistants and assistants to the assistants. I do it all myself. We have been preparing this new film for about 10 months now. And everything, every tiny detail in that picture will be handmade. For me that is the only way.

SR *You couldn't conceive of directing in the other system?*

BERGMAN No. But in a way, you know, I must say I found the system at the Bavaria Studios in Munich very helpful when I was working there. They have routines—they're much more professional. Here in Sweden, we've lived too long in a film crisis. It becomes harder and harder for film production to survive financially. So, a period film that needs costumes, like this one, presents great difficulties. But the people working for me on sets and costumes are mostly young people; and they are absolutely wonderful because they have such—attack. They feel very involved in it. They love it, and they say: We will never again have a chance to make a picture in Sweden costing 30 million kroner.

In the old days, I always had the same crew, and they knew exactly how I wanted everything done. But now after all these years away, there are lots of new young people who have never worked together with me before. And sometimes they feel—"that old pedant!" Yes, they do, because they don't understand why I am so extremely precise. Because they haven't learned it, you see—they haven't experienced it before. But then when they reach results that are far beyond their own limitations, they are very surprised and very happy.

SR *How do you convince them, then? As a director of actors, you had the reputation in your younger days of being a terrible demon. Are you?*

BERGMAN No, no, no, not very much. But what scares them sometimes is that because I work on intuition, I know what they are thinking. I can see it. And that perhaps is what they somehow find demonic. And sometimes they hate me because I say to them: That isn't good, you can do better. Sometimes I have—what shall I call them—pedagogical explosions, and that makes them very aggressive. But sometimes it can be very good for them to become aggressive.

SR *Returning to your comments about the differences between working in theater and working in film, one self-evident difference is that the finished film continues to exist. The theater performance vanishes.*

BERGMAN Yes—and I like that very much. Once a work is finished, it's finished.

SR *Do you ever look at your old films, then?*

BERGMAN No, not very much. I think it's awful. Sometimes I can sit down alone, on Fårö, and put one of my pictures in the projector. I sit there looking at it just because I'm curious. And then I can say, that's good, or that's not so very good. When I'm absolutely alone.

SR *If that's so, why then do you publish all your screenplays?*

BERGMAN I never wanted to publish them; I was always against it. But a friend of mine convinced me. I saw that my screenplays disappeared—there are five or six scripts that have disappeared completely. So he said, "Why not publish them?" But in a way I dislike it.

SR *That seems understandable. The screenplay is by no means the finished work of art. But it does represent a very essential aspect of the creative process.*

"When you aren't good directing in the studio, you start to sweat. If you have two or three days like that, you start to have a sense of desperation."

BERGMAN It's a basis. It's a step on the way to the result.

SR *Several critics recently have begun to point out that the importance of Bergman's contribution as a dramatic* author *has been unjustly ignored. The screenplay in print reveals a great deal about the consummate dramaturgy of a Bergman film.*

BERGMAN Perhaps. But it's only a step on the way.

SR *Your own attitude toward your career as a filmmaker—has that been shaped by your sense of the meaninglessness of a work of art?*

BERGMAN The work is its own meaning. There is no meaning outside the work—as far as I'm concerned. The work has no meaning *sub specie aeternitatis*. I knew that very early in my career. I'm not a man of theories. I'm not very intellectual. But very early I discovered the practical way—my way—of thinking about my job. I felt it was some kind of craftsmanship. I make a chair, I make a table—and I'm very proud because I know my profession. That is the important thing. I think I know my profession very well. And that makes me feel happy. ■

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Good people

Helper of the handicapped. Ad Demmers of Holland helps handicapped children and their parents.

Nature preserver. Erwin Kaempf volunteers 15 to 20 hours a week as an auxiliary gamekeeper in Neuchatel, Switzerland.

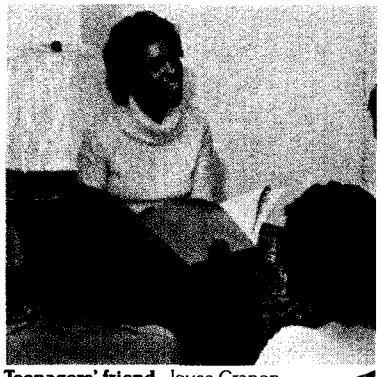
Life saver. Barbara Skolaut saves lives and property for the Manchester (Virginia) Volunteer Fire Department.

Home providers. Mike Gay and his wife Anita thought about adoption, decided they could help more children by volunteering to provide a foster home for Houston's homeless children.

Church w
Fox joinec
works sev
as a churc
volunteer

Rescuer. In Germany, Alfons Thomann works as an unpaid volunteer diver for the Bavarian Red Cross when underwater catastrophes occur.

Fund raiser. Irene Pitcock gives her time to the American Legion Ladies Auxiliary in Louisville raising funds through bake sales, picnics and bingo games for hospitals, handicapped children, the blind, the needy.



Teenagers' friend. Joyce Cranon works with disadvantaged youngsters in St. Louis, Mo. to help the teenagers realize their full potential.

Beauty restorer.
Nora Kennington works to restore neglected gardens in N.Y.'s Central Park.

On-the-spot Samaritan. As a volunteer for the Milwaukee Red Cross, Dale Clark brings his emergency services van right to the scene to aid victims of fires and other disasters.

Food provider. Manuel Jaquez helped found a cooperative supermarket that provides his Dominican Republic community with quality food at reasonable prices.

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lo good things.

MS angels. In Melbourne, Australia, Shirley Delamott, Pat Kein and Heiltje Grieve raised over $6,000 for the Multiple Sclerosis Society with picnics, a movie and supper evening, plant and recipe book sales and raffles.

Animal protector. Last year Debbie Goik helped over 100 injured or neglected animals as a volunteer for the Humane Society in Livingston, Michigan.

Soapbox safety teacher. Alan Lane helped organize a soapbox derby association in Fulton, N.Y. to teach kids safe driving from the ground up.

Aid organizer. S.K. Patankar donates his time to the Bombay Lions Club to help raise funds and organize aid to the elderly, handicapped and blind.

The good people you see at left are (as they would be the first to tell you) just a sampling of the thousands of people within our Philip Morris family who work as volunteers in our hometowns around the world.

They look quite ordinary; and they are, in reality, quite extraordinary. They work hard for a living, and then, in their off-time, they work hard for nothing. They want to help those who are less fortunate than themselves, and in doing so, they help all of us. For the hard fact is that without these good people, our societies and our lives would be a lot less liveable.

And the delightful fact is this: Every man and woman you see here testifies that the volunteer work they do is "fun," "enjoyable," "rewarding."

They also say "It's easy to get started." Right now you can probably think of some school, library, hospital or church—or some service, cultural or community group—that would love to have you pick up the phone and offer your help for maybe an hour or two a week.

We think you will. After all, good people do good things. And you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't a pretty good person yourself.

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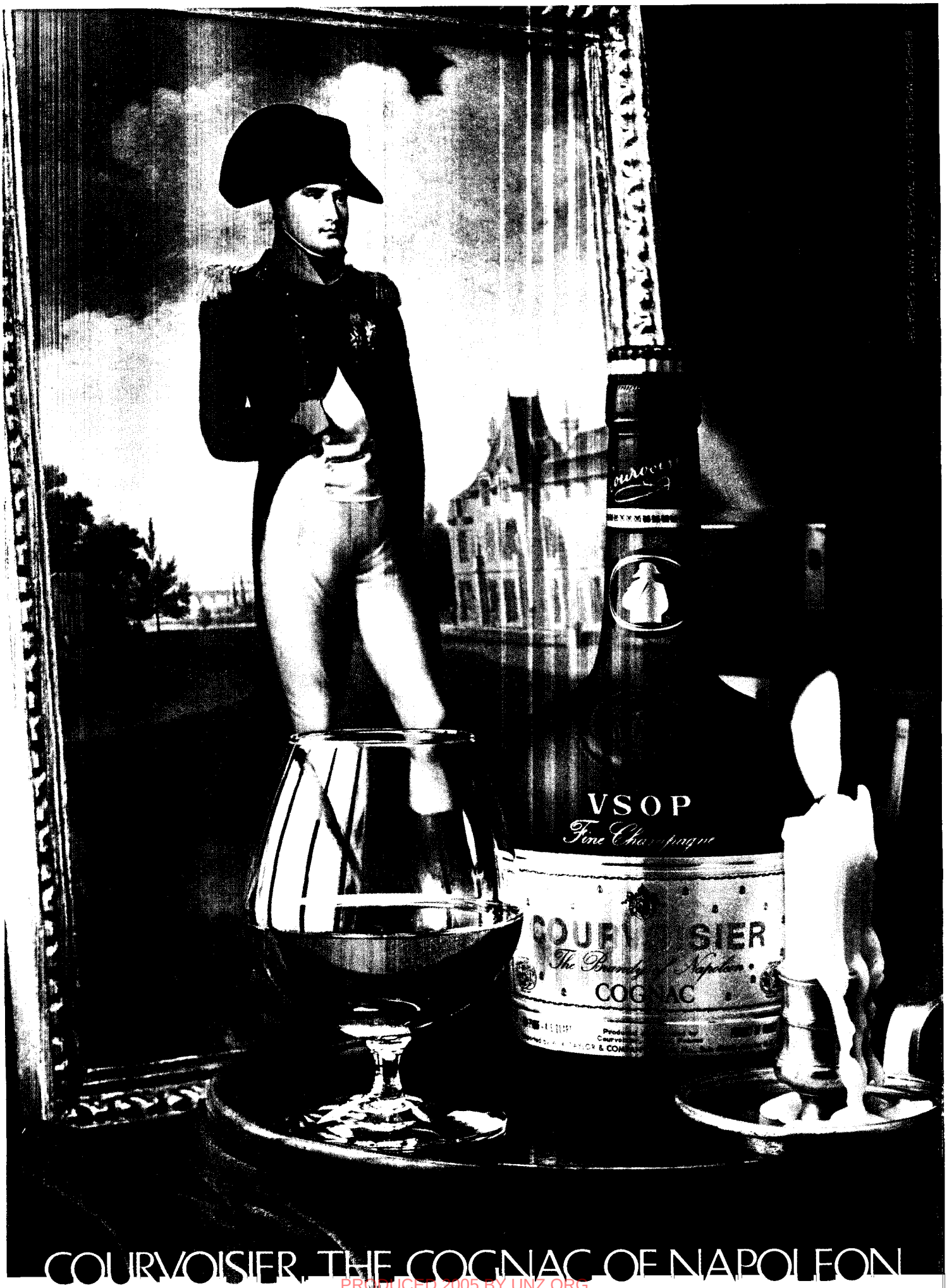

COURVOISIER, THE COGNAC OF NAPOLEON

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The Edinburgh Lothian Police Band Pipers and Drummers performing at the Edinburgh Festival.

Europe's Summer Festivals

If each summer festival in Europe were to shoot fireworks on its inaugural day, the entire continent would be ablaze for most of three months. Arts festivals have proliferated to the point that there is one to appeal to every taste, to fit most pocketbooks. It is in their differences that Europe's festivals glory. An opera heard under the stars in an ancient amphitheater in Verona will create a different mood from the same opera performed among the painted nymphs and gilded woodwork of a baroque chamber in Salzburg. And, of course, the festivalgoer does not pass every waking moment in a theater or gallery: The host cities and their surrounding countrysides are as diverse and alluring as the festivals themselves. Conviviality is the reigning watchword.

What follows is a brief guide to some of Europe's most intriguing cultural celebrations during the summer of 1982.

Great Britain

Great Britain hosts more than 20 major cultural gatherings every summer. One could easily spend the entire season skipping from Brighton to Malvern, Bath to Aldeburgh, Chichester to London, without once encountering a darkened theater. The British Tourist Authority (680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019) will gladly enlighten the interested on the gamut of upcoming festivals. Two favorites, Glyndebourne and Edinburgh, demonstrate the diversity of character among the many choices.

This year the **Glyndebourne Festival Opera** season runs from May 24 to August 12. Operaphiles arrive at Glyndebourne (near Lewes in East Sussex) by private car or train from London in full evening dress in time to have tea and a stroll through the gardens before the 5:00 curtain. During the long intermission, members of the audience picnic—sitting on the lawn in formal attire—on game pies and champagne brought from home or catered in the adjacent Wallop Dining Room. Meanwhile, London Philharmonic members may clamber out of the pit for a round of croquet. The festival was founded in 1934 by opera-lover John Christie and his wife, opera singer Audrey Mildmay. Their opera house on the Christie estate was originally lampooned as a rich man's folly. However, Glyndebourne silenced its critics by presenting opera of a quality seldom heard in England—or anywhere else in the world. Advance tickets are a must, requiring reservations as far as a year ahead. One way to get in is to join a tour that reserves its own seats. Both Great Performance Tours, 1960 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023, and Dailey Thorp Travel, 654 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021, include Glyndebourne on certain itineraries.

This summer, Glyndebourne stages its first Prokofiev opera, *Love of Three Oranges*. Fanciful artist Maurice Sendak is the designer, and Glyndebourne musical director Bernard Haitink will conduct. In a second new production, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, by Gluck, Janet Baker will sing Orfeo, in what she has announced will be her final operatic appearance. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, and *Don Giovanni* are also scheduled.

The 36th **Edinburgh International Festival** celebrates an Italian theme August 22 to September 11. Festival director John Drummond has invited the Florence Festival Opera to perform Leonardo Vinci's *Li Zite 'n Galera* and the recently composed *Macbetto* by Salvatore Sciarrino. The Scottish Opera will perform Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* while the opening concert of the festival will be Verdi's *Requiem*, conducted by Claudio Abbado. Italians Riccardo Muti and Riccardo Chailly will also be on hand to conduct works by some two dozen Italian composers, from Albinoni to Vivaldi.

All will not be Italiana however. Such groups as the Dresden State Opera, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the London Symphony Orchestra are slated to perform a wide range of music. The first Edinburgh International Harpsichord Competition will hold its last rounds August 22 to 28.

The Fringe productions, scheduled on a more impromptu basis, will fill every nook and corner of Auld Reekie with exuberant drama, dance, and music from all over the world. The stirring Military Tatoo on the castle esplanade, and the International Film Festival are established attractions of this largest of arts festivals, as is the spectacular city of Edinburgh itself (see *SR*, May 1981). Information is available from the Festival Society Offices, 21 Market Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Ireland

The dates of the lively **Dublin Theatre Festival** are September 27 to October 9 this year. With the world premiere of Hugh Leonard's *Seven Thirty for Eight* on the agenda, and an invitation out to Harold Pinter to direct James Joyce's *Exiles*, prospects for quality look bright indeed. Professional and amateur troupes from Japan, Poland, France, Italy, Denmark, and Canada are expected to participate, as are several dance troupes.

The primary *raison d'être* of the festival is to discover and mount new Irish plays. The centenary of James Joyce is not being overlooked, but festival directors, sensing the Irish may grow weary of Joycean themes by September, have chosen to emphasize the works of Samuel Beckett, who was influenced by and served as secretary to Joyce.

Around Ireland enticing events like the

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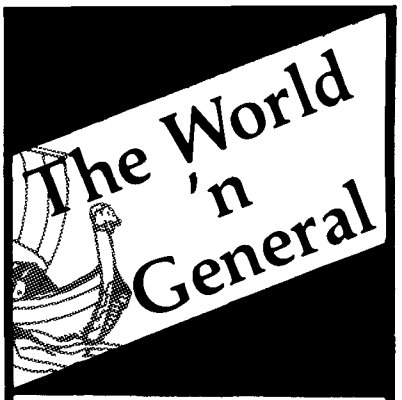

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Festival of Music in Great Irish Houses, the **Killarney Bach Festival**, **Kilkenny Arts Week**, and the **Wexford Festival** dot the calendar from June through early fall. The Irish Tourist Board proffers information and assistance from offices at 590 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

FRANCE

Just as a summer lull seems to be setting in, the **Festival Estival** (July 15 to September 21) bursts out all over Paris. The Musée de Cluny hosts a concert every Wednesday; Fridays find organ concerts in churches. The Academy of Ancient Music and the choir of Westminster Abbey present an all-Haydn evening. Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski is the official composer of the summer. His music will be played by the Polish Chamber Orchestra and studied in special seminars.

Those who like to tan between theater engagements will want to venture south where **The International Music Festival** at Aix-en-Provence (July 15 to August 3) plans a new production of *Die Zauberflöte*, as well as of Rossini's *The Turk in Italy* and Rameau's *Les Boréades*. The **Arles Dance Festival** features young choreographers July 15 to 31. And during July, Mstislav Rostropovich and Yehudi Menuhin will be in Narbonne for the **Mediterranean Festival of Young Artists**.

Back up north, the Czech Philharmonic, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, the Strasbourg Philharmonic, and the Academy of Ancient Music will play June 11 to 26 for the 50th **Strasbourg Festival**. The French Government Tourist Office welcomes inquiries at 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

NETHERLANDS

Like the Edinburgh gathering, the **Holland Festival** was founded in 1947 to help dispel the gloom of war-torn Europe with a celebration of creative endeavor. Unlike the other major European arts festivals, the Holland Festival emphasizes experimental projects, avant-garde works, and up-and-coming artists.

With apologies to the as-yet-unknowns, we list some of the recognizable participants in the 1982 festival. The Netherlands Dance Theater will perform the world premiere of a Jiri Kylian work inspired by Australian aborigines. American composer Elliott Carter, whose music is little-known in Holland, will be the composer in residence in honor of the bicentennial of Netherlands-United States diplomatic relations.

Drama troupes from Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, and Venezuela bring Latin American avant-garde to Holland, while a program called "Looking for Mozart" reaches back in time to stage an historically accurate *Die Zauberflöte*. The Concertgebouw Orchestra will play contem-

CARINTHIAN SUMMER 1982 INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

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takes place at the church of Ossiach Abbey and in the Congress Hall of Villach (on the Venice–Salzburg route).

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porary Dutch music.

No one city in Holland can hold all the activity. During the first three weeks of June most theaters, auditoriums, churches, and castles of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, and Utrecht will brim with festivity. Official dates are May 20 to July 18. Program and ticket information can be easily obtained by writing the Holland Festival, Willemsparkweg 52, Amsterdam.

GERMANY

Wagner at Bayreuth has been a tradition for more than a century. The five operas chosen for this summer's **Richard Wagner Festival** (July 25 to August 28) will open the first five nights of the season in this order: *Parsifal*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*.

The **Munich Opera Festival** (July 8 to August 3), along with a repertory of Mozart, Wagner, Richard Strauss, Egk, and Reimann, is dangling a new production before the eager eyes and ears of operaphiles: Arnold Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*. The controversial Jean-Pierre Ponnelle is director and co-designer. Festival operas, concerts, and ballets take place in the National Theater and in the opulent, baroque Cuvilliés Theater, a part of the Residenzmuseum. A visit to the museum—a treasure trove of portraits and antiques—is free on Sundays, though time is also worth spending among the old masters at the Alte Pinakothek, likewise free on Sundays.

The German National Tourist Office (747 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017) has useful addresses for festival ticket seekers.

AUSTRIA

Vienna Festival Weeks (May 8 to June 13) opens with Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* at the Staatsoper, the city's renowned house of grand opera, where subsequent offerings include *Don Giovanni*, *La Bohème*, *Parsifal*, *Jenufa*, and *Wozzeck*. Placido Domingo and Mirella Freni will sing *Otello* under the direction of James Levine. Among the lighter diversions at the Volksoper will be *Die Fledermaus*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, and *Tales of Hoffmann*. Joseph Haydn's 250th birthday will be recognized with many concerts featuring his work and even some dancing (Jiri Kylian has choreographed Haydn's Symphony in D). Nine Mahler symphonies are on the agenda, as are countless evenings of lieder, instrumental solos, and chamber music.

Some of the same musical luminaries move on to the **Carinthian Summer Festival** (June 28 to August 29) in southern Austria, or to the **Bregenz Festival** (July 21 to August 22) to sing on the floating stage on Lake Constance. This year Bregenz's waterborne production will be Johann Strauss's *The Gypsy Baron*. In the adjacent Festspielhaus, José Carreras will be singing in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

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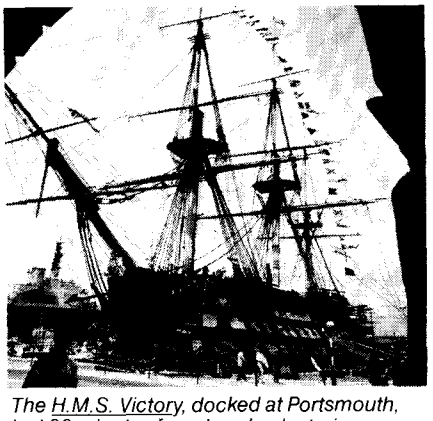

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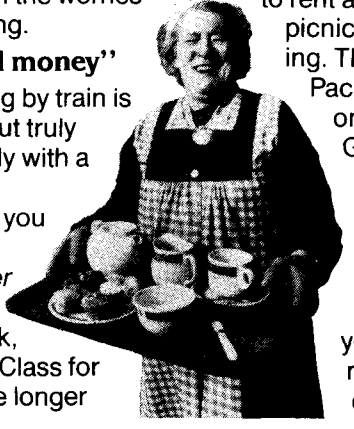

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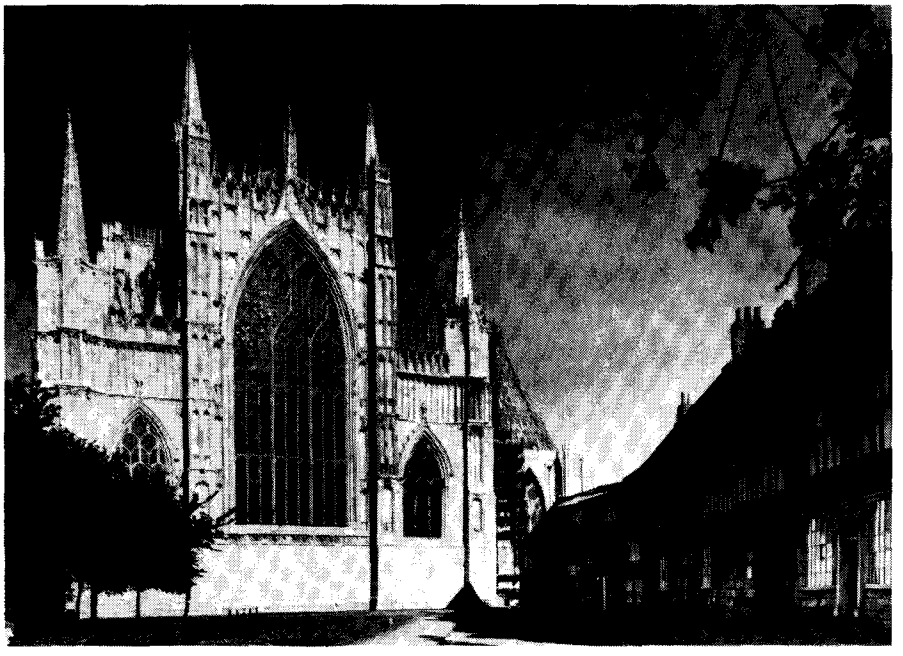

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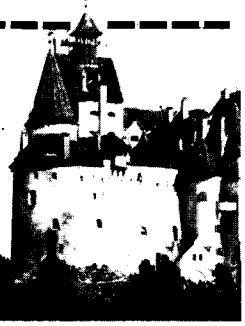

The jewel in this crown of Austrian summerfests is undoubtedly the **Salzburg Festival**, which celebrates its 62nd year this July 25 to August 30. In the cathedral square the traditional performance of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's drama *Everyman* will open the festival on the 25th. The next day Beethoven's *Fidelio*, conducted by Lorin Maazel, will resound through the large Festspielhaus, while Haydn and Mozart chamber music can be heard at the Mozarteum. The festival never forgets that Mozart was born in Salzburg (1756): *Così fan tutte*, *Die Zauberflöte*, the Mass in C Minor, and numerous orchestral and chamber works by the composer will be featured. Festival conductors include Neville Marriner, Herbert von Karajan, Leonard Bernstein, and Seiji Ozawa. The Austrian National Tourist Office (545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017) has festival details.

SWITZERLAND

In Zurich the **International June Festival** features opera, drama, concerts, and art exhibitions throughout the entire month. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* (in German!) reigns at the Schauspielhaus, while elsewhere concerts are being conducted by André Previn, and Christoph Eschenbach, and solos are being performed by Vladimir Ashkenazy, Maurice André, Claudio Arrau. Special art exhibits inhabit various museums around town.

Lucerne promises the Swiss Festival Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Berlin Philharmonic, the Cleveland Quartet, and dozens of other renowned groups at its 45th **International Festival of Music** August 14 to September 7. The festival motif is "Music in Britain."

The neighboring towns of Montreux and Vevey on Lake Geneva combine forces to host an **International Music Festival,** too (August 27 to October 2). Though of more recent vintage than its Lucerne counterpart, the Montreux-Vevey festival attracts an impressive roster of participants: the Sofia Philharmonic Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, the New Orleans Philharmonic, and top-flight soloists. The Swiss National Tourist Office (608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020) fields questions.

ITALY

The Italian cultural cavalcade begins May 9 in Florence where the **Maggio Musicale Fiorentino** holds forth in the Teatro Comunale and the Teatro alla Pergola through July 4. Riccardo Muti's name has been synonymous with this May fest for several years, and he is again principal conductor for 1982. The world premiere of Salvatore Sciarrino's opera *Macbetto* is scheduled, along with Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, *Le Rossignol*, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, and Prokofiev's *Marriage at the Monastery*. The Netherlands Dance Theater and the London Sinfonietta have also been invited to perform.

Contrary to its title, the **Venice Biennale** (or some form of it) takes place every year. This summer's emphasis on visual arts brings exhibits of Third World modern architecture as well as a display of ancient Incan ceramics, gold masks, and coins from Ecuador. One festival highlight will be the opening of the permanent exhibit of the Greek horses at the Museum of the Basilica of San Marco. The originals have been brought in off the roof and restored. Replicas will replace them on high outside. The U.S. will be represented by works of the late sculptor Robert Smithson, known for his earthworks and his geometric steel pieces. The Biennale runs June 13 to September 2.

The **Festival of Two Worlds,** Gian Carlo Menotti's brainchild, takes place in Spoleto from the last week of June to mid-July. The **Festival of the Arena of Verona** presents open-air opera July 10 to September 4, and **Stresa Musical Weeks** packs the days and evenings between August 27 and September 26 with concerts and recitals. The Italian Government Travel Office is located at 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

SCANDINAVIA

The largest regular cultural event in the Nordic countries is Finland's **Helsinki Festival** (August 26 to September 10). True, Sweden may offer charming divertissements at the authentic 1977 **Drottningholm Court Theater** near Stockholm, where 18th-century operas are mounted with the original stage equipment, and ushers and musicians all dress in period garb (June to September). And Grieg aficionados will hie to Norway for the **Bergen International Festival** (May 26 to June 9) to listen to Edvard Grieg's music performed in his own home. But Helsinki promises unequaled breadth of artistic exploit for those who journey north this summer. Major orchestras in attendance will be the Finnish Radio Symphony, the Helsinki Philharmonic, and the Philharmonic of London. The names Gerd Albrecht, Dennis Russel Davies, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Jean-Pierre Rampal are only a few on the star-studded list of conductors and soloists. For information on these and other cultural events in Finland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, contact the Scandinavian Tourist Offices at 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Readers should remember that dates and performances of all programs listed are subject to change. For each festival mentioned here, there are a dozen unlisted due to space limitations. One of the best sources of information about festivals all over the continent is the European Association of Music Festivals, 122 Rue de Lausanne, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland.

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

How "Othello" Fails—and Succeeds

James Earl Jones has had two intertwined theatrical careers. The first, which is of continually growing beauty, has been in vernacular plays. The second, in Shakespeare, has been disappointing—so lacking in growth as almost to seem the work of a dull twin. Career One has moved from the blandness of his early work through the agonies of *The Great White Hope* and *Boesman and Lena* and *Of Mice and Men* and *A Lesson From Aloes*. Career Two has been sadly different: Jones's Othello (which I first saw in 1964), Macbeth, Lear, Timon have shown no comparable increase in control and power. His Shakespearean acting has tended to be a plunge into capital-P Poetry, without much deep understanding or technical refinement, with reliance on his physical attributes and with much roaring.

His latest **Othello** is a small step forward in Career Two. He is not yet nearly the actor of Shakespeare that he is of lesser dramatists. Much of the "presence" of this Othello is still in his size, rather than internal qualities. Jones's ability to sway us with the use of language is still less than his reliance on his organ-voice itself. He works harder here for phrase and point, but the great speeches—"Like to the Pontic sea," for instance—boom into blur. Still, he has his moving scenes, and oddly enough, they come in this big man's broken moments. Example: After he's convinced of his wife's falseness, he collapses on her bosom in tears, remembering what he thinks has been lost.

Christopher Plummer, the Iago, is so diametrically opposite an actor that comparison seems pat. He has long been fluent in what Jones still lacks—in verse, anyway—a fine-honed, subtle control of voice and movement that carves excitement out of sound and space. In 1962 I went to Stratford, Ontario, to see Plummer's Cyrano, which was marvelous, and his Macbeth, which triumphed over a loony production by Peter Coe (the credited director of this new *Othello*). I thought that this Canadian would go on to have a Gielgud or Olivier career. Plummer has done a lot of great plays since then, in Britain particularly, but the truly great actor has not arrived. What Plummer lacks is what, outside of Shakespeare, Jones has—engulfing humanity. So what Plummer has become is not a Gielgud or Olivier but a larger-scale John Wood (the English actor now in *Amadeus*); he's a dazzling virtuoso who is less interested in acting than in gobbling up roles as fodder for his breathtaking skills. To hear Plummer say that, out of Desdemona's goodness, he will make the net "that shall enmesh them all"—drawing out the "sh" of "enmesh," then dropping in the last two words like little stabs—is to be electrified, but by Plummer, not by Iago. I'm surely grateful to Plummer for giving the production most of the vitality that it has, but this is not the same as admiration for an artist serving his art.

Jones and Plummer: Diametric opposites as actors.

Desdemona, like Ophelia, depends more on casting than on talent. Granted a minimal competence, what's essential is a young woman who is irresistibly touching, who can, in her very self, suggest a child being run over by a juggernaut of events she doesn't understand. Dianne Wiest plays the role with modest competence, but she just doesn't have the requisite personality.

Peter Coe is listed as director, but Zoe Caldwell took over his job during the pre-Broadway tour. Director Coe-well, then, encouraged Plummer, I'd guess, helped Jones somewhat, and managed to evoke a bit of maidenly daze from Wiest. Where Coe-well failed completely is in the visual. Whenever there are more than three characters on stage, the others are ranged around like a 1910 operetta chorus. The duke's throne in Act I and Desdemona's bed in the last scene are plunked upstage center, the most obvious position and the one most difficult to play *to*. When Desdemona dies, her feet stick up between us and her face.

Yet, whatever the production's faults, one element in the play itself is strengthened as I've never seen done before. Ever since that notorious 17th-century critic Thomas Rymer, *Othello* has been censured because the plot depends on the Moor's being so easily gulled by the trick about the handkerchief he gave his wife. Jones, by the very blackness of his *being*, makes the trick credible; he makes us feel that under his majesty is a gnaw of insecurity because he is the sole black in this white world. He cannot be entirely oblivious of the venom ("thick lips," "old black ram") spat out behind his back; even the loyal Emilia at the last calls his marriage a "most filthy bargain" right to his face. With Jones, I accepted that this man, surrounded by tacit but apprehensible contempt, might be vulnerable to that trick, sick with fear that his wife might secretly have regretted her "betrayal" of her race, might have tried to regain white "status" with a white lover. I've seen other black Othellos, including Paul Robeson, but none answered Rymer's objection as Jones answers it for me. Doing it, he underscores Shakespeare's genius in understanding this facet, too, of human fallibility. ■

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Tim Page

Happy Birthday, Haydn

One of the happiest trends in the recording industry is a growing interest in comprehensive editions of a composer's output. For somebody as prolific as **Franz Joseph Haydn**, born March 31, 250 years ago, this is a most important development. Only recently have all 106 authenticated symphonies, 60-odd piano sonatas, and approximately 60 string quartets become available on record. Philips is in the midst of a Haydn opera cycle and plans to record all of the composer's surviving works in this genre. (For more information on Haydn's operas, see "Hidden Haydn," *SR*, February 1981.) Only through our growing knowledge of the Haydn oeuvre can we begin to appreciate what an extraordinary composer he really was: There is very little that Haydn composed during the last 25 years of his life that is not first-rate, and it all survives a gamut of recorded interpretations.

Considering the vast amount of material Haydn wrote—more than 200 pieces for a glorified version of the viola da gamba called the baryton, for example—it is almost reassuring to discover that we have only 46 songs from his pen. Philips has now neatly captured the entire output on three discs, with soprano Elly Ameling and pianist Jörg Demus (Philips 6769 064*, $32.94). It is one of the loveliest packages of the year. Elly Ameling is a soprano perfectly attuned to this repertoire, and she sings with grace, warmth, and exquisite taste. Demus is an impeccable accompanist. Some of the songs are admittedly minor, and Haydn's texts were often claptrap, but the majority of these works have an irresistible charm and balanced, miniature perfection. Some of the later songs prefigure Schubert and feature an almost romantic-era sense of drama. Philips provides texts and excellent notes; this stellar collaboration is highly recommended.

Also recommended is the latest installment in the continuing saga of Glenn Gould. We have come to expect the unexpected from this eccentric Canadian pianist, and nobody will be surprised that his first Haydn recordings in almost 25 years are dazzling, infuriating, and sublime, often within the same measure (Piano Sonatas Nos. 56 and 58-62, CBS Digital DAL-25758-59, two discs, no list price, about $25). Gould's approach to the piano here is characterized by a crisp, almost harpsichord-like touch, at times suddenly exploding into a startling, violent romanticism. Haydn purists will reach for their smelling salts. The pianist's tempos are often absurdly quick, just as often disconcertingly slow. He often phrases in near-pointillist fashion, finding staccato passages and arpeggiated chords where none are indicated in the score. Yet there is a sense of form here, an intelligence, integrity, and independence of thought that take my breath away. And if Gould's ideas about Haydn are sometimes offbeat, they are also always, however obscurely, brilliant.

Haydn's music survives scholars and mavericks.

Haydn is a rich enough composer to accommodate various interpretations. This is proved once more by two new sets presenting divergent approaches to his symphonies. A superb chamber orchestra known as L'Estro Armonico, directed by Derek Solomons, has recently recorded the first seven symphonies, the "Morzin," and released them in an exciting three-record set (Saga Records Haydn 1, three discs, $32.94, distributed by International Book and Record, 40-11 24 Street, Long Island City, New York 11101). L'Estro Armonico's work affords a model of what authentic performances should be: The symphonies are played on original instruments with a small ensemble and an emphasis on light, almost transparent timbres and highly subtle phrasing. Musicological reconstructions can be dreary, anemic affairs—Sir Thomas Beecham once defined a musicologist as somebody who can read music but can't hear it—but this is not the case with L'Estro Armonico. On the contrary, this is beautifully defined, thoroughly convincing Haydn-playing: energetic, zestful, passionate.

Yet I also enjoyed Herbert von Karajan's recordings of the later, "Paris" symphonies, Nos. 82-87 (DG Digital 2741 005*, three discs, $38.94), even though they are the product of a completely different philosophy. Karajan approaches these masterworks in a hearty, lush Germanic style, employing the large forces of the Berlin Philharmonic toward a much more romantic presentation. It's not at all "authentic," but it's still brilliant music-making by a great artist at the height of his powers, and in case you needed to be told, the Berlin ensemble plays splendidly. DG's digital sound is luscious, and those in search of large-orchestra, traditional Haydn-playing will appreciate Karajan's contribution.

In sum, those who want scholarly and perfectly proportioned Haydn will want to purchase the Ameling and L'Estro Armonico discs—but those who quickly condemn either Glenn Gould or Karajan will be missing two distinct and pleasurable musical experiences. ■

*cassette available

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Judith Crist

When the Chosen Must Choose

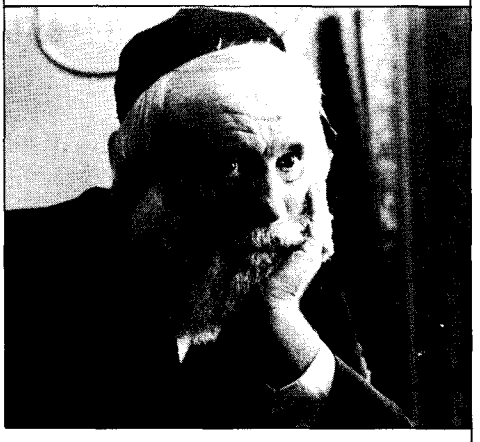
Now that the cinema's rites of spring—the Oscars—are out of the way, we can turn our attention to an off-beat non-Hollywood non-contender that is finally making an appearance.

The Chosen, a rich and rewarding adaptation of the Chaim Potok novel, was completed more than a year ago but is only now available to the public at large. It had a one-shot world premiere last May 11 in some 1,000 theaters in this country, Canada, and 20 foreign countries in celebration of Israel's 33rd anniversary, with a fund-raising goal of $50 million for Israeli educational institutions. But special though the appeal may have been, the film itself, with screenplay by Edwin Gordon, is of deep general interest and broad appeal.

Potok's story of the friendship between two Jewish teenagers in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn in the early 1940s emerges on screen with a remarkably dense—and rare—cultural texture that provides a fascination of its own. And its consideration of backgrounds and upbringing, of ethics and attitudes, and of generations and the gaps and bridges between them is extraordinarily satisfying in both personal and universal terms.

Reuven Malter and Danny Saunders meet as opponents in a sandlot baseball game, their rivalry exploding into violence when Danny aims a ball at Reuven and hits him in the face. Danny's later apologies lead to an unlikely friendship. Reuven is an all-American kid; Danny is a Hassid, complete with side curls and ritual garb. Reuven's father is a journalist and lecturer on Jewish cultural affairs; Danny's is not simply a rabbi but a *tsadik* (a leader considered a blessed intermediary between God and man), a hereditary title to be passed on to his son.

The boys slowly begin to share their worlds: Reuven's is one of choices and exploration, with his father guiding his interests and his values, Danny's one of ritual, strictures, and "silence," his communications with his father restricted to their study of the Talmud. Reuven becomes, in subtle ways, a go-between for Danny and his father, enthralled by the exotic ways of a rabbinical household; Danny, in turn, is fascinated by the secular world, hungering for studies beyond the orthodox strictures, appreciating both Freud and Esther Williams. And suddenly, as the full horror of the Holocaust emerges with the end of the war and the movement for the establishment of a Jewish state gathers momentum, their relationship is shattered. Reuven's father has become an ardent public Zionist; Danny's father opposes the state on religious grounds, which hold that only with the coming of the Messiah will the Jews be allowed to return to their homeland. Finally, there is reconciliation and the resolution of the young men's futures.



Top: Rod Steiger as Reb Saunders. Below: Robby Benson as Danny Saunders, and Barry Miller as Reuven Malter, in *The Chosen*, a film of rare cultural texture.

The resolution is not as unexpected or ironic as the filmmakers would have us believe. But if there is, at times, a lack of subtlety in Jeremy Paul Kagan's direction, it does not vitiate the fascination of the characters or the authenticity of time and place and manners. Above all, there is overwhelming appeal in Barry Miller's Reuven, Maximilian Schell's vivid and compassionate portrait of Reuven's father, and Robby Benson's Danny, a charming naif opening to the ways of the world. Schell is, as always, masterful in understatement. Rod Steiger's Reb Saunders is, to say the least, colorful, bogged with an accent that makes much of his speech muddy, made up to look well into his seventies (in spite of his relatively youthful wife and offspring), and all aglow with Kagan's penchant for Rembrandtesque lighting. But when emotions finally run high, Steiger is there reliably with his personal power and his major scenes are effective.

The Chosen is an intelligent film—and a pioneering one as well in its intellectual interests. ■

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Menotti on Dance

When I first began to think about a Spoleto Festival in Italy more than 25 years ago, I wanted American participation to be vital and strong. I could not ignore the dance because America had exerted an enormous influence on dance." **Gian Carlo Menotti**, composer-impresario and founder of the Festival of Two Worlds (in Spoleto, Italy, 1958, and Charleston, South Carolina, 1976), grew up in Italy where "opera was a great thing and dance was minor." But with his first exposure to dance in America, Menotti began a major phase of his career that witnessed his fostering of dance both as a composer—collaborating with such dance greats as Antony Tudor and Martha Graham—and as an impresario.

This summer, June 25 to July 18, the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, enters its twenty-fifth year with music-drama-dance events that will feature, among other companies, America's Dance Theater of Harlem. Spoleto Festival U.S.A., May 21 to June 6, highlights the Oakland Ballet in a production of the rarely performed Bronislava Nijinska-Igor Stravinsky masterpiece, *Les Noces*; the José Limón Dance Company; and performances by both Senta Driver and Laura Dean.

Menotti, from the very start of his Spoleto enterprises, has provided dance and dancers with major support. His first festival in 1958 featured the debut of Jerome Robbins's Ballets: U.S.A., a company that premiered two brilliant Robbins creations, *N.Y. Export: Opus Jazz* and *Moves* (a ballet danced in silence). In addition to Robbins, Menotti appointed John Butler as a festival director and presented him and his company—featuring Carmen De Lavallade, Glen Tetley, and Buzz Miller—in four chamber ballets that Butler choreographed.

In subsequent years in the theaters of the lovely hillside town of Spoleto, Menotti presided over the European debuts of American choreographers Alwin Nikolais, Paul Taylor, and Eliot Feld; and he sponsored appearances by Dame Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Marcia Haydée, Maurice Béjart, Carla Fracci.

Menotti's first ballet score, *Sebastian*, never achieved repertory permanence. "*Sebastian* is a very old-fashioned score," says Menotti. "It is descriptive music and because it tells a story, certain things have to happen at certain moments. This seems to bother modern choreographers who want to be free. So either they look for music by a dead composer that they can interpret any way they want or they use electronic music without emotional content that can be used any way at all. I hope they will come back to the earlier way. I do not deny that I'm a neo-romantic!"

WILLIAM STRUHS

Menotti: "The choreographer must pay attention to what happens in the orchestra."

If *Sebastian* did not achieve the success that its composer hoped for, another of his dance scores has become a classic in the field of modern dance: Martha Graham's *Errand Into the Maze*. Of his collaborator he says, "The greatest dance influence in my life was Martha Graham. When she commissioned the work, she gave me her theme. She always gives the composer a guideline of what she wants—I'm sure Copland will tell you the same thing. Next you compose the score. Then what happens is that she ultimately interprets the music you write for her in her own way, and she destroys completely the images you had while composing the music! But her genius is such that she convinces you that what she does is what *you* really want.

"The result is musically acceptable always. And I must admit that now, when I listen to *Errand*, I cannot even begin to remember what I was imagining when I composed the music. Those images are gone forever. Today, I see *her* images, her interpretations."

Menotti finds that collaborations with choreographers vary drastically with the nature and the creative approaches of the individual. Of an uncompleted project with Antony Tudor, known for his sarcastic temperament and irascible nature, Menotti recalls, "Working was completely different from working with Martha. He's very emotional but he's also very precise about what he wants for a given moment and what images the music must suggest to him. To work with Tudor, it is important that you be very close to him, which is not easy."

Of today's young choreographers, Menotti admires most the Czech-born Jiří Kylián (see *SR*, August 1978 and July 1981), artistic director and principal choreographer of the Netherlands Dance Theater. "I enjoy Kylián's choreography so much because *he* takes joy in the music and responds to it with wonderful spontaneity. His choreographic images go with the music and it is exhilarating. The choreographer must pay attention to what happens in the orchestra because there is more than rhythm there. Emotional feeling is present, too."

As a composer, Menotti still seeks a worthy future for his *Sebastian* ballet, searches for new choreographers with an interest in neo-romantic, theatrical music, and hopes to find once again such stimulating collaborators as Graham and Tudor. As an impresario, he is forever on the alert to bring rewarding dance events to his festivals. In both capacities, he says, "I keep looking." ■

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LANGUAGE

Thomas H. Middleton

Call Me Mister

When I was in the army, I knew a guy whose first name was Shirley. He assured me that Shirley was a good, old-fashioned, masculine name. I'd never met another male named Shirley, but I took his word for it. The *Random House Dictionary* agrees that Shirley is "a boy's or girl's given name," and I'll take the editors' word for it, too. Things have changed, though. My G.I. friend had obviously been christened before Shirley Temple became a curly-topped movie star, and I suspect that she and ladies like Shirley Booth and Shirley MacLaine have finished Shirley as a masculine monicker.

There are, of course, many names that can belong to a person of either sex—names like Leslie, Lynn, Robin, Marion, Jean, and so on. What brings me to these bi-gendered names is the recent proliferation of letters in my mail that begin, "Dear Thomas Middleton" instead of "Dear Mr. Middleton." I've heard from a number of people who tell me that they, too, have been getting mail whose salutations employ their full names rather than the traditional forms. I find this style somewhat irritating, and I'm pleased to note that my friends and correspondents are equally put off by this title-less salutation. Some people have theorized that it is the bi-gendered names, when used without any indication of the bearer's sex, that are the cause of the "Dear Thomas Middleton" style.

That's quite possible. If, for example, you get a letter from someone named Lynn Jones, and Lynn Jones neglects to say whether he or she is a he or she, and you want to respond, you can either guess or you can play it safe with "Dear Lynn Jones." Having written "Dear Lynn Jones" in order to avoid mislabeling, you could opt for a foolish consistency and go on to "Dear Thomas Middleton" or "Dear Stephen Shepard," although our names leave little doubt as to our gender.

Even a letter signed simply "Ellen Jones" can pose a problem. Since women have a new titular possibility with *Ms*, deciding how to address a woman who doesn't specify her own preference can be a bit difficult. If I get a letter signed "Ellen Jones," I try to decide from the content and tone of the letter itself whether Ellen Jones would prefer to be addressed as Mrs., Miss, or Ms, because I'm just too bound by tradition to write, "Dear Ellen Jones." (Incidentally, should *Ms* have a period after it? I think not, since it isn't an abbreviation for anything. Come to think of it, Ms is the only vowel-less two-letter word I can bring to mind.)

I think it very likely that the dilemma about the choice of Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms is one of the origins of the title-less salutation, but I suspect that it is only part of the explanation.

Mail used to arrive saying "Dear Mr. Middleton." Now it says "Dear Thomas Middleton."

Mr., Mrs., and Miss are conventional titles of respect. Ms is still too fresh an invention to be understood merely as a "conventional title of respect." It carries with it new feminist implications and the tangled web of devotions, loyalties, and angers concomitant thereto. A great many women resent being addressed as Ms when they think of themselves as Mrs. or Miss.

I think dropping titles of respect is in many instances a deliberate gesture. I doubt that it is usually intended as a gesture of *dis*respect, but it is a withdrawal of the regard supposedly inherent in "Dear Mr. Middleton" and "Dear Mr. Shepard." These people who drop the titles as a gesture are egalitarians. I get the feeling that they wouldn't be unhappy with "Dear Citizen Middleton" or "Dear Comrade Middleton," but they settle for "Dear Thomas Middleton." The ones who go for absolute sincerity frequently drop the "Dear" and address me simply as "Thomas Middleton," with no hypocritical pretensions of either affection or respect. I'm not offended by this straightforwardness, but I do find it a bit jarring. It seems to me abrupt and graceless.

We can mark some of the changes we go through over the years by our reactions to styles in address, I think. As kids in grade school, we all addressed one another by our last names. Judging from what I hear going on around me, youngsters still do the same thing. Then we gradually began addressing one another by our given names. Then, after the swift passage of a few years, came the fateful time: I'll never forget the discomfort I felt long ago, the first time a young man—a college student—called me "sir"; and I was still thinking of myself as a young blade when a beautiful young woman first addressed me as "sir." This is a rite of passage most of us go through, and it makes us suddenly ancient.

In time, of course, I got accustomed to being called "sir" and "Mr. Middleton," and after a while I felt quite comfortable with these "titles of respect." Now I rather miss them when they are withdrawn.

Perhaps I'm completely out of step with the times, but what really wrinkles my stuffed shirt these days is when I telephone a friend and get an answering service, and I say, "Please tell Mr. Gilson that Tom Middleton called," and the woman on the other end says, "O.K., Tom." She and I haven't even been introduced. That "Tom" was for my buddy, Gary Gilson. In the old days, she'd have said, "Tom Middleton? I'll tell him, Mr. Middleton."

I don't suppose any of this is earth-shaking, but I believe that those titles of respect, like *please*, *thank you*, *excuse me*, and the whole array of linguistic politesse provide an important lubricant in the machinery of society, helping to keep us gears from clanking and grating against one another. The loss of that social grace—or grease—would be a sad one. ■

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BOOKS

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Dame Rebecca West at home in England: One of our century's treasures.

The Wit and Wisdom of Rebecca West

The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West, 1911-17
selected by Jane Marcus, The Viking Press, 392 pp., $25
1900
by Rebecca West, The Viking Press, 192 pp., $19.95

Reviewed by Anne Tyler

IN 1913, Rebecca West gave some thought to which animal's existence she would most enjoy. She was strongly tempted by the life of a tiger—even a tiger in captivity. "It must be great fun," she decided, "to escape from a menagerie and liven up a rural district."

No remark better reveals the soul of Dame Rebecca West. Notice that she hardly glances at the possibility of being an uncaged, jungle-variety tiger. She automatically assumes—as any woman might who was born in the 19th century—that she'll have to face certain restrictions. But unlike most of her contemporaries, she's downright gleeful at the prospect of breaking those restrictions, preferably with as much commotion as possible.

Livening up rural districts of one sort or another has been West's lifelong mission. She began as a slip of a girl, writing stringent articles for feminist periodicals. She continued with astute political and social commentary (*The Meaning of Treason*, *A Train of Powder*) and mesmerizing novels (*The Birds Fall Down*). Her trademarks are a fierce social conscience, a wicked wit, and a stubborn refusal to accept the going fairy tale. Her style is so fresh and vital that it comes as a shock to realize she's been employing it publicly since 1909.

The Young Rebecca contains only about half of what she produced between 1911 and 1917. Included are book reviews; one rather bitter short story about men's hostility toward women; a measured, admiring look back (from 1933) at Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst; and numerous essays first printed in various periodicals.

The book reviews are savage. She claims that one writer has "the solemn yet hiccupy style peculiar to bishops," while another "does not so much split his infinitives as disembowel them." This same writer "begins a sentence with a panegyric of conjugal love, and after twenty-four panting lines is in at the death with a discussion of classical education."

The method of a particularly florid historical novelist is to "shut her eyes, think of a historical period, and double it." Sentimental plots are wryly reconstructed: "With a fine sense of what is fitting, the child dies." Of another book, she writes, "The immense significance of this work lies in its binding. It is rich and restrained. It is the red of the suburban dining-room...it is adorned with deep black lines, heavy gold lettering and two unconvincing designs of the dandelion rampant and couchant."

Strindberg calls forth stinging contempt. "Writers on the subject of August Strindberg," she says, "have hitherto neglected to mention that he could not write." Elsewhere: "Strindberg was the greatest European anti-feminist of the century and...(by a curious coincidence) certifiably insane...."

These reviews put us in an uneasy

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*.

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position. On the one hand, they're a sheer delight. They are funny, bitingly logical, and impatient with artifice. On the other hand, such a collection of them, nearly all negative, sets up a certain discomfort. Is there anything Rebecca West approves of? Is this entirely humane? And the ultimate questions: Were there kinder reviews, omitted because they lacked the oomph of these armed assaults?

In the long run, we're dependent upon the judgment of Jane Marcus, who selected what appears in *The Young Rebecca*. And one tends to chafe at Marcus. She interrupts too often with her comments, generally quoting remarks from West that we're just about to read, which is something like stealing punch lines. At the very least, it makes West sound redundant.

The heart of the book lies in the essays, most of which focus on women's equality. Seventy years later, it's surprising to reflect upon the real violence of the suffragettes' struggle—the hunger strikes, forced feedings, police brutality, jeering crowds. West herself had herrings flung at her by an angry mob, and a "dear old lady" hit her sister over the head with an umbrella, meanwhile remarking, "Thank God, I am a womanly woman!"

The tone here is passionate but never shrill, and sometimes even gently amused. ("It is true that the women have burned a tea-house in Kew Gardens, but it was only a little one.") Urging freer divorce laws and a woman's right to undertake useful work, berating the idle rich wife who coasts along on her husband's money, West speaks with a clear, uncompromising voice that's no less effective for its obvious youthfulness. "Never will Woman be saved," she writes, "until she realizes that it is a far, far better thing to keep a jolly public-house really well than to produce a cathedral full of beautiful thoughts." Modern feminists might hope for some of her exuberance.

The Young Rebecca is intelligent and spirited. But it's made up, after all, of pieces intended to be read separately, and there are times when it seems to go on too long. It's just slightly too much of a very good thing. The same need not be said of the beautiful, absolutely riveting *1900*.

Is there anyone who isn't, at least in some small way, ensnared by the romance of 1900? The cover painting sums it up: Beraud's "The Cycling Hut in the Bois de Boulogne," all hazy light and restfulness, with ample-bottomed ladies reclining at little cafe tables under lofty, shadowy trees. It's not an untrue picture—West herself, now 90, recalls placid family walks up a hill to admire "as pretty a view as ever was painted on a china plate." There's a photo of her family's favorite path, scattered with fragile Victorian baby carriages, and another of the child Rebecca, hatted and ruffled, in an idyllic country setting.

But of course, 1900 had other aspects: the Boer War; the Boxer Rebellion; the total subjugation of women; a sexual climate where prostitutes were a source of public comedy and where "an unmarried woman could go from birth to death without the slightest idea as to what it was that happened between male and female lovers"; a shocking infant mortality rate; a heavy incidence of venereal disease. Even the average well-off couple endured what today seems a grueling life, with its expensive country visits, enthusiastic rounds of sporting events, and "the obligation to sit down after dinner, distended with food and wine, and play a really good game of bridge, and to do that very thing for hour after hour of the night."

On the other hand, Tolstoy was writing, Picasso was painting, Puccini was composing, Bernhardt was acting. The photographs of the famous are arresting—some for obvious reasons (how lovely Pavlova was, after all!), and some for reasons their subjects never would have foreseen: Renoir's fringed chair, Gorky's flowing Russian blouse, Thomas Hardy's ornate lawn roller.

However long we may linger over the photos, the real joy is West's commentary. She summarizes political changes so succinctly and so comprehensively—often from such a startlingly unusual angle—that history teachers ought to take notes on her methods. She shows what the English language can accomplish, when put to proper use. And she comes up with the most inventive explanations. Just watch her describe how Kaiser Wilhelm managed to stay out of war as long as he did, or what lay behind John Singer Sargent's portraits.

Above all, West has the liveliest sense of humor imaginable. It creeps up on you. You're dutifully learning about Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, who was the descendant of boot manufacturers, when you're told that "by a curious coincidence he himself looked like a single, highly polished boot." Like a *what*? Beatrice Webb's efforts to help the poor were unfortunate, "for, as her diaries show, she disliked the poor, largely because they were so often stupid." Henry James was such a snob that "when Lord and Lady Rosebery had put him up for a week-end, his bread and butter letters could have been arranged for the organ as a substitute for the *Magnificat*."

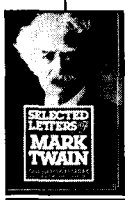
Energetic, pugnacious, unremittingly alert to the slightest sign of sloppy thinking, West ought to be declared one of the treasures of our century. Both these books remind us that she is a writer of rare genius, from earliest youth to sharp-eyed, sharp-witted old age. ■

Mark Twain: A Diminished View

The Selected Letters of Mark Twain
edited by Charles Neider, Harper & Row, 368 pp., $15

Reviewed by Justin Kaplan

SEVENTY-TWO YEARS after his death, Mark Twain leads an active posthumous life. He speaks "from the grave," as he might say, with "the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces." But this latest addition to the bibliography can only be called retrogressive; it is a step in the direction of silence. Charles Neider, who edited *The Autobiography of Mark Twain* and other notable collections of the writings, has up to now served him faithfully and well. In tackling the letters, however, he manages to turn the Lincoln of our literature into the Amazing Shrinking Man. The view of Twain given by this selection of his letters would be useful to someone entering Warren G. Harding's era of "normalcy."



Twain's authorized biographer and literary executor, Albert Bigelow Paine, published a two-volume collection of the letters in 1917. Paine had wonderful stuff to work with. Twain's letters are funny, savage, poignant, caress-

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ing, unbuttoned, accommodating, talky. Twain could be sociable as a housefly, garrulous as his own Simon Wheeler and Jim Blaine, beset as Lear, bitter as Timon. He, his family, and his correspondents preserved virtually every scrap of paper that passed between them during a last golden age of letter-writing, when mails were fast and reliable and the telephone had not yet become a disposal for confidences and verbal energies. At the end of a day of literary work, Twain was still full of correspondence juice. There are close to 7,000 known letters by him, the basis for a 15- or 16-volume published compilation as projected by the editors of his papers at the University of California.

Paine used only a few hundred of these letters in his 1917 edition and transcribed them casually, introducing many garbled readings, inconsistencies, unsignaled excisions, and murky identifications. He made his selection in accordance with a proprietary and protective policy: His Mark Twain was by and large to be the beloved family author, hero of countless funny anecdotes, genial humorist, and laughing philosopher whose occasional descents into cynicism, despair, and general testiness could be excused as responses to Job-like trials of faith. Until his death in 1937, Paine was able to bar access to the papers under his control, assuring the curious that nothing was to be learned from the archive that had not already been brought out in his monumental biography or in his editions of the letters, notebooks, and autobiography. To Mark Twain's publishers he once confided the true reasoning behind this policy of exclusion: "I think on general principles it is a mistake to let any one else write about Mark Twain, as long as we can prevent it.... As soon as this is begun (writing about him at all, I mean) the Mark Twain that we have 'preserved'—the Mark Twain that we knew, the traditional Mark Twain—will begin to fade and change, and with that process the Harper Mark Twain property will depreciate."

The property did not depreciate when the papers were finally opened to other writers following Paine's death. But the traditional Mark Twain began to fade and change—to be replaced by someone very much richer, more varied, and more conflicted in his identities. About half a dozen major cycles of Twain's correspondence have been published so far, including the love letters he wrote to Olivia Langdon Clemens from the time he began courting her in 1868 to her death 36 years later. Another important cycle of letters, this one to Mary Mason Fairbanks, a Cleveland bluestocking he met on his first trip abroad, shows the surprisingly biddable young westerner offering himself up to tutoring in literature, piety, and manners. Letters to his publishers and to Henry H. Rogers (the Standard Oil mogul who rescued him from bankruptcy) show him in pursuit of rainbows and bonanzas as well as a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. There are smaller but no less revealing cycles that are now in print as well as single letters of decisive importance, such as the following, written by Twain, at the age of 30, to his brother Orion. "I never had but two *powerful* ambitions in my life. One was to be a pilot, & the other a preacher of the gospel. I accomplished the one and failed in the other, *because* I could not supply myself with the necessary stock in trade—*i.e.*, religion." Then he announces the vocation he had just settled upon for good: "seriously scribbling to excite the *laughter* of God's creatures."

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Mark Twain: "The calm confidence of a Christian with four aces."

Twain's letters to William Dean Howells—sketchily represented in Paine but published in their entirety in 1960—detail an important literary friendship of 44 years' duration and provide remarkably immediate glimpses of a professional author at work and also at play. Here Twain writes a prank letter supposedly addressed to the editor of the *New York Times*:

> Sir to you, I would like to know what kind of a goddam govment this is that discriminates between two common carriers & makes a goddam railroad charge everybody equal & lets a goddam man charge any goddam price he wants for his goddam opera box
>
> W D Howels, Tuxedo Park Oct 4

Howells it is an outrage the way the govment is acting so I sent this complaint to N. Y. Times with your name signed because it would have more weight. Mark

Relative to the enormous quantity of Twain's published and unpublished letters, Paine gave us little enough. Neider gives us even less. His edition is a radical abridgment of Paine's, less than half its length. It preserves the worst features of Paine's treatment of texts (even though reliable texts are available) and, so far as I can see, Neider's selections (his headnotes and link notes aside) draw on none of the new material that has come to light since Paine's time.

Neider says he omitted Twain's courtship letters to Olivia because they are "overly sentimental" and the letters to Mary Fairbanks because they are "false, strident, self-abasing." (On the same grounds he would also be justified in omitting letters to Twain's "angel fish"—the circle of nymphets who consoled and flattered him in old age—because they sound like Nabokov's Humbert Hum-

Justin Kaplan is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* and *Walt Whitman: A Life*.

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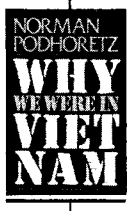
bert.) And yet sentimentality, stridency, self-abasement, assertive libido, and so forth are all aspects of Twain that should be represented, to some extent, if we are to be able to draw any sort of rounded portrait of the man from his letters. Neider says that in making his selection his criteria were humor, autobiographical interest, literary quality, and literary content. And he concludes that "the present volume is frankly idiosyncratic." This may seem a bit lame and hollow, but on the other hand, we have no reason to doubt that Mark Twain will regenerate after bobtailing and spring back to his accustomed size. ■

Podhoretz on Vietnam: The Enemy Was Us

Why We Were in Vietnam
by Norman Podhoretz, Simon & Schuster, 223 pp., $13.95

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

SOMEONE SHOULD remind Norman Podhoretz that George McGovern *lost* the 1972 presidential election. *Why We Were in Vietnam* leaves the distinct impression that it is not the Soviets whom Podhoretz considers to be America's real enemies but rather those Americans who still differ with him on the nobility of our Vietnam adventure.



Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary* and high-brow hit man for the neoconservative movement, caused an uproar with his feisty book, *Making It*, in 1967. In it he took a frank—and fresh—look at the lust for and consequences of intellectual literary success in America. In *Breaking Ranks* (1979), his salutary bluntness began to turn shrill as he attacked liberals' idealism as "an infection of self-hatred." That book set the stage for *The Present Danger* (1980)—an influential diatribe warning of what Podhoretz saw as the imminent Finlandization of the U.S. and urging a prompt resumption of the Cold War.

In *Why We Were in Vietnam*, Podhoretz gallops through the reasons why he thinks we went in, stayed in, and got out. He concludes that three presidents failed in Vietnam. Kennedy "failed in prudential wisdom" by trying to contain Communism "on the military cheap." Johnson "failed in political judgment" by trying to win the war *and* maintain Great Society programs. Nixon "failed in strategic realism" by trusting that Vietnamization of the war would work.

Podhoretz quotes sources selectively and cleverly twists their conclusions when it suits his purpose. For instance, he quotes Theodore Draper's judgment that Kennedy "came to the Vietnam problem... with a consistent position behind him." "But surely," Podhoretz adds, "the preponderant weight of the evidence suggests that Kennedy never doubted for a moment that something military would have to be done." Never for even a moment? What preponderant weight of evidence? Most of Podhoretz's documentation comes from a *single* hawkish speech that Kennedy delivered in 1956 before the American Friends of Vietnam. Now Kennedy was no hero when it came to Vietnam. But presidents, we all know, are, from time to time, prone to make *political* speeches that are geared to specific audiences. Why, we might ask, does Podhoretz give so much credence to warlike remarks Kennedy made in a political speech and totally discount the president's ambivalent statements made in other speeches and in conversations with aides?

Podhoretz contends that the *New York Times* distorted the Pentagon Papers to make it seem that Johnson lied when, during the 1964 campaign, he said that he had no intention of bombing North Vietnam. Yet, the *Times* simply revealed what even Podhoretz acknowledges—that the plans to bomb the North were in place *before* the election. Podhoretz cites Leslie Gelb—who directed the Pentagon Papers project for the Defense Department—as saying that even though there was "duplicity" in Johnson's escalation of the war, there was "less than critics believed." Pace Podhoretz, a little duplicity went a long way.

For a discussion of the 1968 Tet offensive, Podhoretz relies on Peter Braestrup's massive study, *Big Story*, which argues that the media turned a Vietcong defeat into a Communist propaganda victory, with the result that many Americans turned against the war. Podhoretz says that Braestrup "believes that the distortion and misrepresentations were more a matter of the limited ability of the press corps to cover so complicated and strange a war as the one in Vietnam than a matter of ideology." Not satisfied, Podhoretz goes him one better: "But what seems a more likely explanation is that Tet provided the occasion for a growing disenchantment with the war to express itself." And here we arrive at the crux of Podhoretz's gripe. He claims that it was the media and antiwar activists who were America's real enemies because they dared to question the efficacy of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Worse, he fumes, were intellectuals like Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy, and Frances FitzGerald who, by defending the North Vietnamese, lent credibility to such dangerous radicals as Jane Fonda.

Some very smart people said some very dumb things about Vietnam. But to suggest that those intellectuals who opposed the war committed treason—and Podhoretz comes very close to doing so—is nonsensical unless one is anxious to repeal the First Amendment. And the casting of a few intellectuals as villains draws attention away from real threats to U.S. security.

Incensed at the outrage, voiced by those who opposed the war, over the My Lai tragedy, Podhoretz pompously castigates those who suggested that "America's citizens share in the responsibility":

> This revival of the doctrine of collective guilt by a movement generally called "liberal" was one of the more bizarre cultural phenomena of the Vietnam period. For nothing could be more repugnant to the moral and legal tradition of liberalism than the idea that an individual can be held responsible for an act he himself did not commit.

But what, then, are we to make of Podhoretz's own accusations of collective guilt? He writes that the decisions to cut off aid to Saigon were made by Congress, but "at least a measure of responsibility for them, therefore, also belongs to the [American] people." Are citizens responsible for the actions of their government, but not responsible for the actions of their government's army? And Podhoretz asserts that "the antiwar movement bears a certain measure of responsibility for the horrors that have overtaken the people of Vietnam." How

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

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can that be when he also tells us that none of the major decisions on the war "owed much, if anything at all, to popular pressure"?

No one would argue that the suffering of Southeast Asians ceased with U.S. withdrawal. And most would agree with Podhoretz that Pol Pot is a butcher. But it is Podhoretz's opinion that the antiwar movement—not the devastating U.S. invasion—was responsible for Pol Pot's ascension to power in Cambodia. Podhoretz harps on the now familiar distinction some make between authoritarianism and totalitarianism. But he fails to mention that the U.S. now supports Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge's claim to Cambodia's UN seat rather than the Vietnamese-backed government of that beleaguered country. Has Pol Pot suddenly joined the ranks of the merely authoritarian?

Norman Podhoretz: High-brow hit-man of the neoconservatives.

The purpose of Podhoretz's polemic is the moral legitimization of the Vietnam War. It may sometimes be expedient for the U.S. to intervene in other nations' civil wars; it may even serve our national interests. But in order to *morally* justify Vietnam (and our backing of Pol Pot and others) one has to be able to read Machiavelli's *The Prince* as a moral tract. It is one thing to argue that we were correct to try to save South Vietnam from Communist oppression; it is another to argue that what we did to get there and what took place once we arrived was moral. Even if it were proper for the U.S. to go in, was it *moral* for the State Department to exaggerate—as Podhoretz says it did—the infiltration from the North in order to prepare the legal grounds for an increase in American military involvement? Was it *moral* for the U.S. military command to then systematically underestimate those infiltration rates so that it would look like we were winning? Was it *moral* to destroy villages in order to save them?

The distinction between what may be politically or strategically correct and what is moral is crucial because it makes us think about the means we use to achieve ends. Vietnam won't go away. And we have not yet learned its lessons. What is needed is an objective analysis of what happened there. That, combined with rational and honest discourse, might help us decide when and where (and, most important, if) the U.S. should again intervene to contain very real Communist aggression—always a complex decision and one that often obfuscates morality. It is clear from this book that Norman Podhoretz is neither desirous, nor capable, of discussing the Vietnam War with any significant degree of essential disinterestedness. ■

Fiction Briefs

The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 588 pp., $20

ONCE WHEN Isaac Bashevis Singer was giving a reading of some of his works, he was asked whether he truly believed in the spirits and demons that populate so many of his stories. He answered in erudite fashion, explaining that his supernaturalism was a convenient and fertile way of representing man's irrationality as well as those things in the universe that cannot be explained away by science or psychology. Then, his eyes twinkling, he added, "Of course, I also happen to believe in spirits and demons."

Spirits abound in these 47 tales from all of Singer's collections (six of these stories have not appeared before in book form). In stories placed in the *shtetls* of the old country, the supernatural often manifests itself in wondrously real form. In the American stories, intellect, memory, and passion mix to render reality frighteningly incomprehensible. In both cases, however, experience is mediated heavily through the very real storyteller—either Singer or his persona—and this mediation gives the tales a humanity and a purposefulness that make them much more than simply finely polished gems: Together, they encompass a moral universe unique in 20th-century fiction.

—CAREY HORWITZ

Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful
by Alan Paton
Charles Scribner's Sons, 271 pp., $12.95

Waiting for the Barbarians
by J.M. Coetzee
Penguin Books
155 pp., paperback, $3.95

TWO NOVELS, from and about modern South Africa:

Since the publication of *Cry, the Beloved Country* in 1948, Alan Paton has been involved as deeply in politics as in writing, founding the opposition Liberal Party in 1953. His new novel, *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*, his first in 28

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years, focuses on the period 1952-58—from the Defiance Campaign that resisted apartheid laws to the government's systematic repression of the opposition movement. The novel is a montage of characters: an 18-year-old daughter of a wealthy Indian merchant who sacrifices her education to participate in a sit-in demonstration; a school principal who supports the liberal movement and whose family is subsequently terrorized by the police; a "Proud White Christian Woman" who writes pornographic letters of distilled hatred; a government minister who is personally and professionally destroyed by his love for a nonwhite woman. Unfortunately, the novel's strength resides only in its politics. The characters seem strained. And the effect, though intermittently powerful, is not sustaining.

J.M. Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians* is told by the magistrate of a frontier settlement. He becomes caught in a war between the "Empire" and the "Barbarians," who are considered dangerous and worthy of extermination. He rescues a girl who has been tortured and blinded by government soldiers, and they embark on a bizarre relationship of sensual pity and stupified eroticism. Their emotions have been cauterized. He is unable to consummate the relationship until he too becomes the Empire's victim, tortured into a state of animalistic degradation. But his confinement ultimately liberates him from the oppression of his previous illusionary freedom. It is a dream-like, elegiac novel.

Paton is hopeful—he believes that the land is beautiful despite the political reality. Coetzee's assessment is more sobering: "We sit thinking of our fellow creatures out in the open who...have no recourse but to turn their backs to the wind and endure." —SUSAN K. REED

!Click Song
by John A. Williams
Houghton Mifflin, 430 pp., $13.95

IF THE RECENT barrage of books and articles on the publishing industry magically turned into fiction, it would become John A. Williams's *!Click Song*. The special ingredient in this exposé—a rumination by one of our foremost black writers—is that it has at its center a black author. Cato Douglass is bright and bitter, disillusioned and proud. Making his way from a poor southern boyhood through the ravages of World War II, the careerist masquerades of the New York writing community, recognition, fame, and a lot of forgetting, Cato lives his life in white America to the constant question, "Who is that nigger?" Williams spells out in accurate social and psychological detail who he is. And he paints an angry picture of the arts in America over the past 35 years; racism is added to the already bad news of faddishness, competitiveness, art as commodity, and sexual politics.

!Click Song occasionally sounds an off-key note—some extreme situations, ironic instances of stereotyping, scattershot self-pity. But Williams's laconic artistry generally keeps to its relentless course. This is a novel full of truth, savage with neurotic sophistication, and highly communicative about dangerous lacks of communication. —CELIA BETSKY

A Private Life
by Cynthia Propper Seton
W.W. Norton, 192 pp., $10.95

"FANNY WAS the sort of young woman who was having trouble settling even on her own name." She has a list of people she admires, but she has crossed off all but Keats, Marcus Aurelius, Chekhov, Peter Rodino, and Pavarotti. And she describes herself as "Shallow. I mean *really* shallow."

But this has little to do with the plot, which has Fanny dashing off to France to visit a dear aunt from whom she was separated by a family feud 15 years earlier. First she inquires of her parents as to the cause of Aunt Carrie's expatriation: Mama thinks Carrie fled an affair, while Daddy (who would have liked to carry on with Carrie's companion, Lutécie) cites a money quarrel. The feminist magazine that is sponsoring Fanny's trip hopes to find in Lutécie and Carrie, who now run an artsy hotel, a latter-day Stein and Toklas.

I want to give in to the bouncy good intentions of this book, but instead find myself close to barking "Down, Rover!" It turns somersaults to show you how superior its characters are; they never speak so much as make pronouncements. The book's publisher describes Seton as "(reluctantly) a moralist." I can discern no reluctance here, only a great deal of cuteness in picking off such sitting ducks as promiscuity and sociology. Like its heroine, the novel tends to be underdeveloped, eager to please, ostenta-

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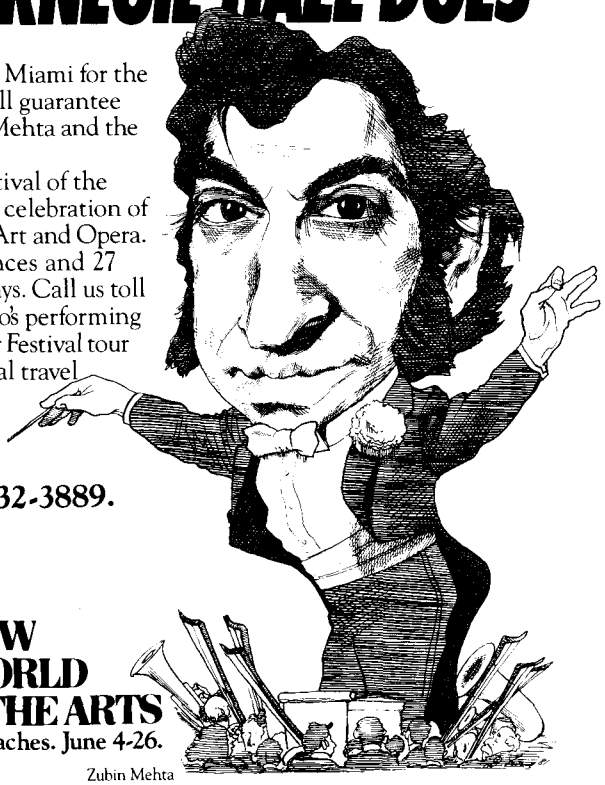

NEW WORLD FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
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Zubin Mehta

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tiously literate, and, given the themes, shallow. I mean, really shallow.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

White Horses
by Alice Hoffman
G.P. Putman's Sons, 256 pp., $12.95

IN *WHITE HORSES*, her fourth novel in five years, Alice Hoffman tells the story of Teresa Connors, whose incestuous obsession transforms her into a modern sleeping beauty. Unfortunately, it lulls the reader as well.

Dina, Teresa's mother, tells the tale of the mythic arias, "men who appeared out of nowhere, who rode white horses across the mesas." Teresa then becomes obsessed with her charismatic older brother, Silver, a man who resembles an aria. From preadolescence to womanhood, Teresa sleepwalks through her dreary life, always waiting for Silver to wake her and carry her away. When Silver does finally appear, she has somehow learned to relinquish her fantasies and reject him, although it remains unclear how she gained this strength. Her mother comes to recognize that "a man who traveled beneath an orange moon on nights that were scented with wildflowers and thick with heat suddenly seemed much less marvelous than a man who would sit on the back porch and hold her hand for hours without having to say one word." There is little to suggest that Teresa has earned this same understanding.

The novel is laden with beautiful images of air and earth, scent and color. They should be hypnotic when piled one on top of the other, but instead they become merely labored. Yet despite its many flaws, *White Horses* leaves the reader feeling the promise of a better novel from Hoffman next time out.

—BARBARA F. WILLIAMSON

The Patriot Game
by George V. Higgins
Alfred A. Knopf, 233 pp., $12.95

AS FANS OF *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* will attest, George V. Higgins can write low-life dialogue so authentic it rings in your ears. The hero of *The Patriot Game*—a federal agent who is hunting IRA gun-runners—speaks a diluted version of the hard-boiled sarcastic idiom that fit the cops and robbers of *Eddie Coyle* perfectly. Unfortunately, so do a couple of priests, a trio of adolescent golf caddies, a political fixer, and several other characters in the novel, Higgins's 11th in as many years. This is hard to forgive in a book that relies so heavily on conversation to tell its story.

A Massachusetts-born-and-bred attorney, Higgins is clearly at home in the Boston-area political back rooms, the rectories, and the Catholic country club where much of *The Patriot Game* takes place. But these locales amount merely to backdrops for a plot that has nothing like the pace of *Eddie Coyle*. Only in the climactic showdown in a South Boston dive does Higgins finally put it all together—the suspense, the deadpan wit, the local color. Too bad his characters have had to bend our ears bringing us there.

—ERIC GOLDSTEIN

Nonfiction Briefs

The Fate of the Earth
by Jonathan Schell
Alfred A. Knopf, 211 pp., $13.95

THIS BOOK, by a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, is in places almost too terrifying and too despairing to read. It is the most important general work on nuclear war since Linus Pauling's *No More War!* was published almost a quarter-century ago.

Much has been learned over the past 25 years about the probable effects (we can never know the *real* effects until it is too late, stresses Schell) of a large-scale nuclear exchange. And Schell catalogues it all: what nuclear weapons are; the grisly aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; how a war might break out; the fallacies surrounding the concept of "limited" nuclear war; the chilling consequences. He discusses the dilemma of removing the nuclear threat in the face of the permanence of scientific knowledge. And he reminds us that we shall live in the shadow of possible self-extinction for the rest of time.

Where do we go from here? In delineating the absurdities inherent in nuclear deterrence theory, Schell knows that there is but one answer: Disarm and develop a system to solve international disputes peacefully. As naively, simplistically silly as this solution sounds, it is our only choice. In W.H. Auden's words, "We must love one another or die."

Our inability to deal with the nuclear

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Tennessee Williams

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threat—our denial of death, perhaps—makes us resist this book. But as Schell writes, "A society that systematically shuts its eyes to an urgent peril to its physical survival and fails to take any steps to save itself cannot be called psychologically well." —CAREY HORWITZ

Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology
by Leon Edel
Harper and Row, 224 pp., $20

DURING HIS LONG and distinguished career, Leon Edel has written about most of the great writers of the 20th century—Henry James, James Joyce, and the Bloomsbury circle. In this volume, he has collected those pieces in which he applies "literary psychology," which he defines as "a study of what literature expresses about the human being who created it." He is persuasive in his defense of this discipline—without which, he says, "we work in a twilight of irrelevancy"—and he is brilliant in the practice of it.

Edel finds neat and intriguing solutions when he poses small puzzles, as he does with Thoreau—Why did he really go to Walden Pond? And Edel composes penetrating and moving essays when he asks large questions, as he does of Joyce—How did a man at war with himself shape his language and his fictions?

Edel's most poignant essay, "Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man," concludes with his praise of James and Yeats: "They acknowledge despair, they acknowledge their instincts and their feelings, and grow old without the rigidities of aging. Within the tattered coat upon the stick there is a radiance." The description applies to Edel himself.

—BARBARA F. WILLIAMSON

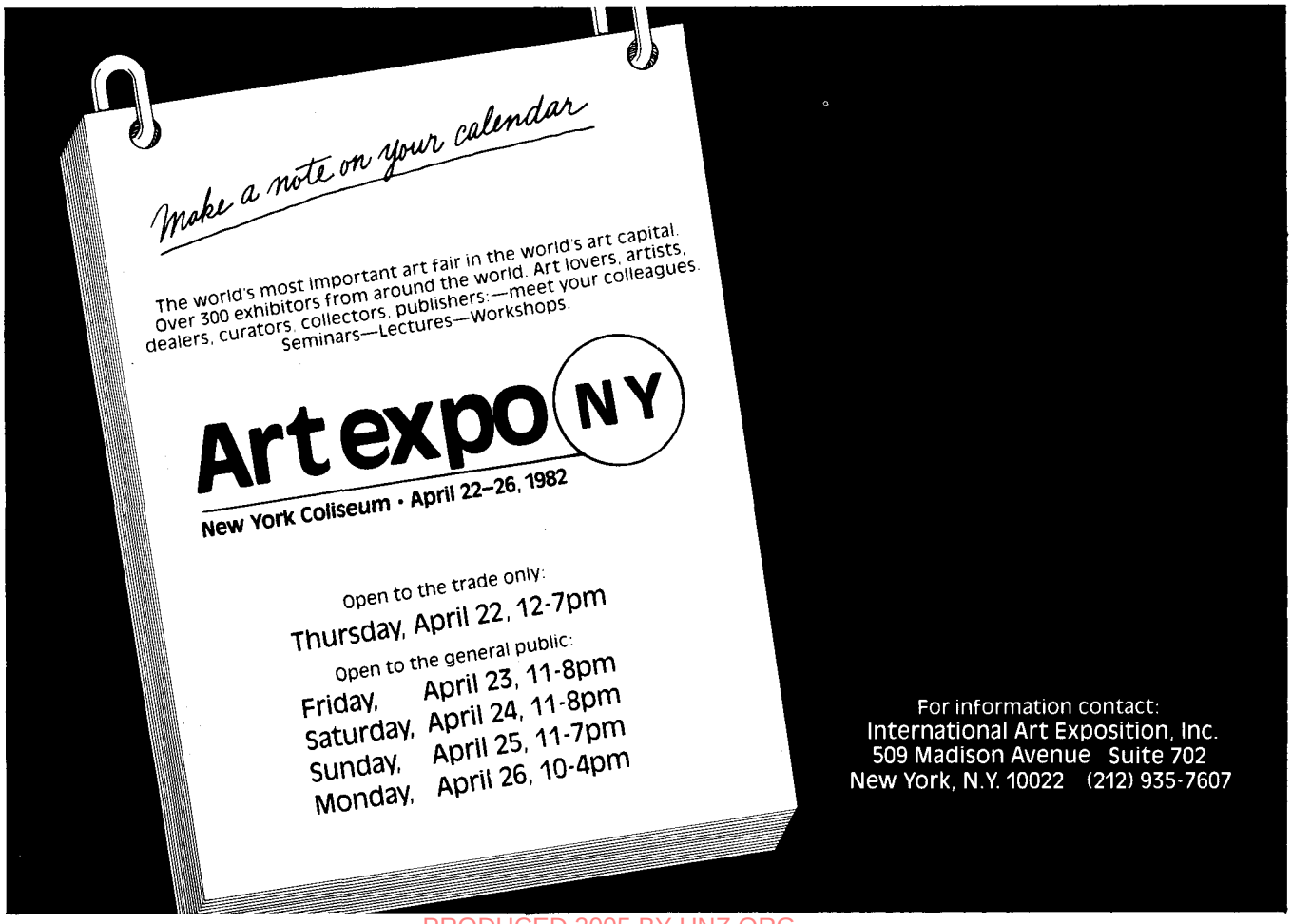
This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-1950
by Jervis Anderson
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
245 pp., $17.95

HARLEM. WHAT COMES to mind? The fast life, big-city chic and sin, old-time religion, big hearts and big crime, names like Fats Waller, James Baldwin, and Billie Holiday. A mecca to blacks since the turn of the century, Harlem never has had its portrait painted so clearly and so coolly. *New Yorker* writer Jervis Anderson illuminates its culture and pulls together the voices of historians and participants.

During the Depression—and despite it—Harlem's music thrived. The Savoy Ballroom was the place to go—black and white, rich and poor—to hear Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Chick Webb. During the 1950s, the dream that Harlem was a heaven ended. Its greats had died and the middle class began to move away. Concludes Anderson, "The hearts of newarrivals no longer missed a beat just at being there." It's a loss felt more deeply because of this sweeping, albeit discreet, tribute. —VALERIE BROOKS

What's the Good Word?
by William Safire
Times Books, 297 pp., $15.50

IN THIS SECOND collection of *New York Times* columns on language, William Safire's implicit subject isn't grammar, but diction. His breezy pieces reveal little about standard English, but volumes about *molar mashers*, *cheese-eaters*, and other quirky relics of Americana. Al-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though Safire investigates both cultural habits and political jargon observantly, he really sparkles when treating such oddities as *fungo*, *wacko*, *glitch*, and *ding*. Best of all, he includes letters from readers who cheer, chide, and challenge him—and regularly make him eat his words. His column thus becomes a forum in which a chorus of concerned American voices can discuss its common linguistic heritage.

Safire is most winning, then, when he's wrong; his greatest strength is his admission of weakness. He never takes himself—or language—too seriously, but teases words like an affectionate colleague. Occasionally, the book—with its unhelpful dictionary format—resembles a series of tricky headlines, and Safire a moonlighting surgeon who disappears in mid-operation. But generally, he is solicitous yet unpretentious—a regular guy whose punny prose happily leavens etymological weight with wit.

—PICO IYER

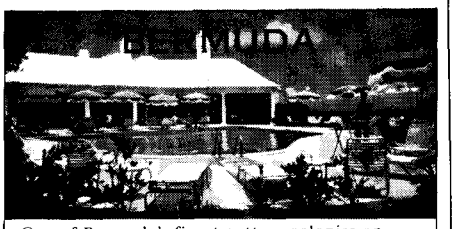
Hometown
by Peter Davis
Simon & Schuster, 331 pp., $14.50

THIS FASCINATING portrayal of a typical midwestern American town (Hamilton, Ohio) transcends sociology. It assumes a density reminiscent of Ronald Blythe's classic celebration of English village life, *Akenfield*, and even Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*.

Davis's investigations and interviews reveal how a perpetually "divided" community (Hamilton is bisected by the Miami River) finds its present-day experience—like its historical past—to be a "stream of confrontations" involving its volatile mixture of classes and races. The subjects under scrutiny include a middle-class wedding; an epic basketball game between the town's two high schools; a lurid murder and its aftermath; a strike against the Hamilton Tool Company; and a harrowing account of a luckless music teacher falsely accused of public indecency and hounded out of job and home.

These separate narratives are buttressed by brief chapters in which the reader hears Hamilton's own voices: teenage girls appalled and excited by the local murderer; barflies celebrating the legend of Woody Hayes at Ohio State; small-talkers at Mallie's Beauty Salon. *Hometown* is both a genuinely impressive literary construction and a convincing look at the way we live now.

—BRUCE ALLEN



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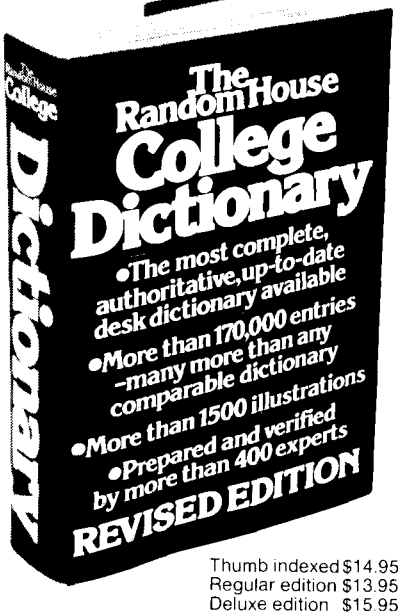

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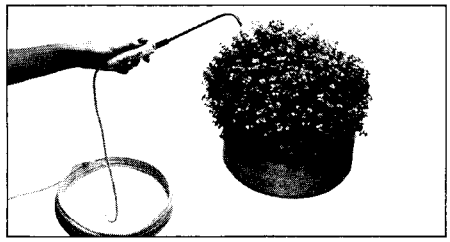
If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. Let it dry, fluff it out and store it, hanging from a conveniently located hole at the end of its handle. We are happy to offer a 20″ authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

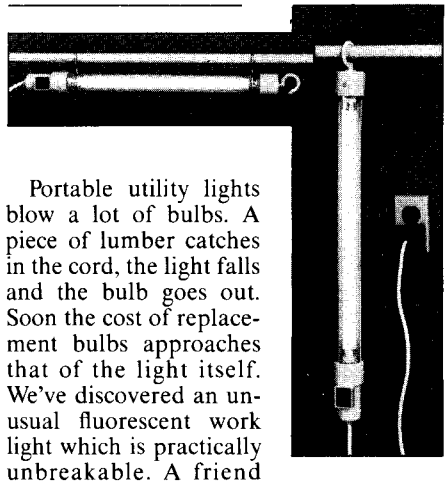
WATERING WHIZ

Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There *is* an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50′ (that is a *lot* of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless



stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The complete kit costs **$11.00** ($1.95) #A341.

UNBREAKABLE WORK LIGHT

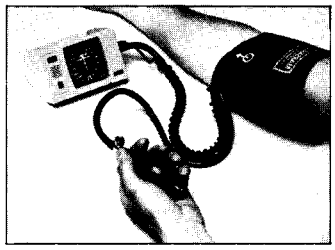


Portable utility lights blow a lot of bulbs. A piece of lumber catches in the cord, the light falls and the bulb goes out. Soon the cost of replacement bulbs approaches that of the light itself. We've discovered an unusual fluorescent work light which is practically unbreakable. A friend accidently dropped his light 16′ off the roof of his home onto concrete pavement—the light did not break, the bulb did not blow! Because fluorescents don't use a filament, they are a *lot* sturdier than incandescents (they burn cooler, too, and give more light per watt of power drawn). Plus the fact that a fluorescent makes an ideal work light because its large light-emitting surface makes shadows softer and less of a nuisance. This portable fluorescent light has a shatter-resistant lamp housing, on-off switch, 25′ cord, swivel hook and 2 horizontal hanging hooks. It costs **$39.00** ($3.95) #A448.

KNOW YOUR BODY BETTER

Blood pressure measures the force your blood exerts against arterial walls as your heart beats. The systolic reading shows the heart muscle contracted, the diastolic reading the heart muscle relaxed. The combined figure—written, for example, as 120/80—is rather like a golf score: the lower the numbers the better. When blood pressure is consistently elevated (a condition known as hypertension) there is increased danger of stroke and disease of the heart, arteries and kidneys. In 1974 medical experts were estimating 25 million Americans suffered from hypertension, and half did not even know it. Today the estimate is up to 30 million, and still half don't know it. In the past blood pressure was a quasi-medical procedure requiring a person trained to interpret heart sounds through a stethoscope. But today electronic technology has simplified it to the point where anyone can easily take accurate blood pressure readings at home.

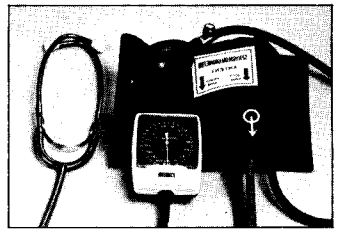
With the Astropulse-16 home electronic blood pressure unit, you just slide on the cuff, tighten, and pump it up. When you stop pumping the pressure begins to bleed off automatically at a fixed (but adjustable) rate. A light goes on and a beeper begins to sound at the point marking your systolic pressure. The light and beeper



stop to mark the diastolic reading. The readings themselves are made on an extra-large (2″ x 2″) dial face on a desktop console. The Astropulse-16 comes in a plastic carrying case with a year's supply of record charts and complete instructions for **$75.00** ($3.95) #A456. The unit is powered by a 9v battery (supplied) and is covered by a 90-day manufacturer's warranty.

If you can afford the Cadillac of home blood pressure units, you will find that the advanced technology of the Astropulse-99

increases the ease of operation even further. This unit uses sophiscated integrated circuits, so the machine itself can tell you if the cuff is misaligned or misinflated or if the batteries are weak. Better yet, you no longer have to take the readings off a moving gauge. The Astropulse-99 provides a digital readout of both systolic and diastolic pressures, it even takes your pulse. The Astropulse-99 comes in a plastic case with complete instructions backed by a 90-day manufacturer's warranty for **$180.00** ($5.95) #A454.



Our basic blood pressure unit, Model 114, operates principally the same as the above models, but requires the use of a stethoscope which attaches to the wafer-thin chestpiece located in the cuff. As the user listens through the stethoscope, readings are obtained off the scientifically balanced manometer. This simple yet very accurate blood pressure kit contains a record pad and costs just **$35.00** ($3.95) #A470.

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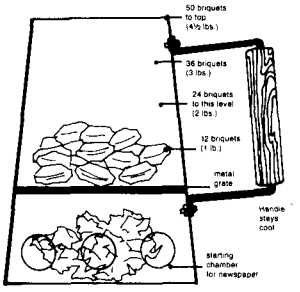
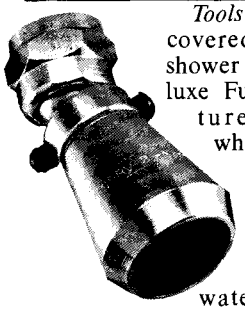
EASY EMBERS


50 briquets to top (14½ lbs.)
36 briquets (3 lbs.)
24 briquets to this level (2 lbs.)
12 briquets (1 lb.)
metal grate
Handle stays cool
starting chamber for newspaper

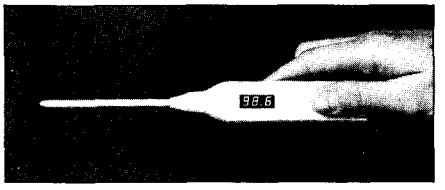
The biggest hassle with charcoal cooking is getting the charcoal lit. To keep frustration levels among outdoor chefs manageable, a whole line of charcoal-starter fluids has come onto the market. But they are expensive, and it seems absurd to use a petroleum-base product in this era of short supply when it's far quicker, safer and tastier to fire your coals with Easy Embers charcoal lighter. Using a fireplace-like draft and newspaper, Easy Embers will ignite 4½ lb. of charcoal—enough to fill a large Weber kettle grill—in less than 10 min. You simply light one or two balled sheets of newspaper stuffed in the base of the heavy-gauge steel cylinder. The intense flames will ignite the charcoal briquets, placed on a steel grate just above the coals. When the briquets are fully ignited, simply pour them out of the container into your grill. Easy Embers is entirely safe to use. The grate is securely fastened to the cylinder so there's no danger of it falling out and burning the cook. The easy-to-grasp wooden handle doesn't even get warm. And because no fluids are used, there's no chance of lighter fluid flare-up. It works every time, in any weather and is available from us for just **$15.00** ($2.95) #A433. Outdoor chefs will love the sure-fire advantages of Easy Embers.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



Tools For Living has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver manufactured by Con-Serv, which cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—much of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Con-Serv designed the new Deluxe Fuel Saver without compromising comfort or high quality. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. It delivers a comfortable yet forceful spray—forceful enough to quickly rinse shampoo suds out of a long mane of hair. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower head arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.

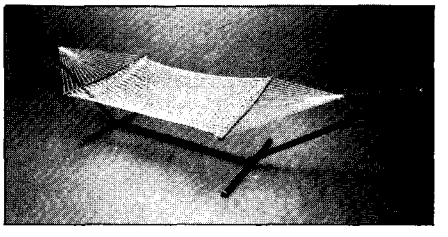
ELECTRONIC THERMOMETERS



The common mercury-in-glass medical thermometer is a rather primitive tool. It is hard to see the narrow column of mercury in the prismatic glass, even harder to read the exact temperature designation. There is also the problem of breakage, in use and between uses (many thermometers have been broken in the exertions of shaking them down). No wonder doctors and hospitals have been so quick to switch to the new electronic technology. Electronic thermometers are far easier to use than the old mercury-column kind. They do not need to be held in place as long (60 seconds vs. 3 minutes), and the temperature —to a tenth of a degree—is displayed in a digital readout. With young children or squirming infants an electronic thermometer, especially when used for an axillary (under-the-arm) temperature, has it all over a glass rectal or oral thermometer. An electronic thermometer with a package of 10 disposable probe covers is **$35.00** ($2.95) #A455. The unit is housed in white plastic and powered by 2 button batteries (included). The semi-flexible probe, the tube containing the leads to the thermistor unit at the tip, is virtually unbreakable. The thermometer as a whole cannot be immersed in liquid, but the probe can be cleaned with soap-and-water or alcohol.

GETTING IN THE SWING

The best tool for putting together an afternoon of outstanding relaxation is the old-fashioned rope hammock. You just stretch out there, and in no time, your kinks are unkinked, your snarls unwound. This finest rope hammock on the market today is made entirely by hand in Pawleys Island, S.C., where they've been making it for 100 years. The hammock uses 100% cotton rope netting and seasoned oak stretchers. The cotton is extremely comfortable, durable and will weather to a nice gray shade. It measures a generous 54" wide by 82" long in the reclining area, and 13' in overall length, so you won't be cramped or crowded. The hammock comes complete with mounting hooks and chain. (Hint: Buy a duplicate set of hooks at your local hardware store so you can use it indoors or out.) The first-class Pawleys Island hammock costs **$85.00** ($7.95) #A465. And if you don't have a tree from which to hang your hammock, we can provide a heavy-duty iron stand, as shown here, for **$125.00** ($9.95) #A466.



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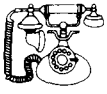

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Saturday Review

CULTURAL TV CALENDAR

MEL OF FIGUERAS

Salvador Dali, ARTS, April 10, 10 P.M.

WHAT TO WATCH IN APRIL

PREVIEWS PLACIDO DOMINGO IN "LUISA MILLER"
THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY'S "THREE SISTERS"
MOZART PLAYED BY ISAAC STERN AND JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL
AND MORE

SELECTED LISTINGS ART, DANCE, DRAMA, FILM, MUSIC

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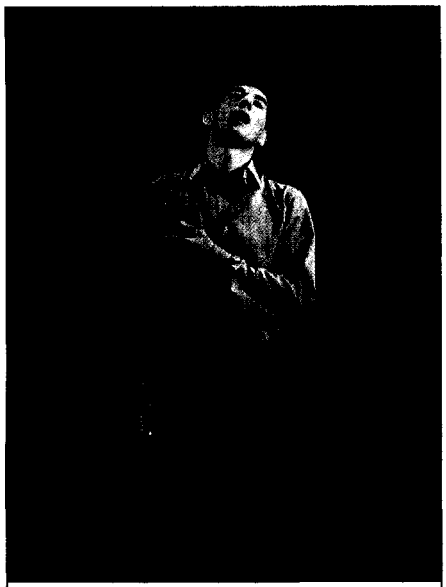
Previews

Celebrating One of Our Finest Actors

Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare
PBS, April 26, 9:00 PM.

IAN McKELLEN, at 42, is one of the finest actors of his generation. Over the years, he has honed his skills as a classical actor in England with the National Theatre, the Royal Shakespeare Company, and other distinguished troupes, in roles ranging from Romeo to Macbeth. As Salieri in *Amadeus* on Broadway, he demonstrated his versatility by portraying an old man facing death, then leaping backward in time to become the same man in his prime. The role won him a Tony Award as the best Broadway actor of 1981.



McKellen in his homage to Shakespeare.

This month, in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. (the largest single collection of Shakespeare material in the world), PBS will present Ian McKellen's one-man homage to the Bard, *Acting Shakespeare*. If the program is a tribute to Shakespeare, it is even more a tribute to McKellen. On a barren stage, without costumes or props, he plunges the audience into the despair of Romeo, the frustration of Hamlet, and the bitterness of Richard III. The gaunt actor proves himself equally at ease playing Falstaff and Henry V, Bottom and Juliet. This program is partly filled with amusing anecdotes, partly with enlightening commentary, but above all it is a celebration of the actor's craft.

Royal Chekhov

The Three Sisters
CBS Cable, April 17, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 18.

AFTER A SINGULARLY vital decade during the 1960s, the artistic ferment at England's Royal Shakespeare Company ebbed during the 1970s. But currently, under artistic director Trevor Nunn, the company has been rediscovering its old panache. Broadway saw the best evidence last fall: the RSC's eight-and-a-half-hour *Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*, co-directed by Nunn. And Nunn's latest musical, *Cats*, a revue based on T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, is currently one of the hottest tickets in London's West End. It is scheduled to reach Broadway next fall.

In the midst of this excitement, Nunn and his Royal Shakespeareans found time to tackle a TV presentation—Anton Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, which arrives this month on CBS Cable. It features such veterans of *Nickleby* as Roger Rees, Emily Richard, Janet Dale, and Suzanne Bertish. Chekhov's brooding, claustrophobic tale (which he thought of as a comedy) focuses on the lives of three small-town sisters who dream of moving to glittering Moscow. It was first performed by Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theater in January 1901. Nunn's version, taking account of the benefits and constraints of television, uses tight camera work and spare, minimalistic sets.

Dynamic Duo: Stern and Rampal

Mozart in Jerusalem
ARTS, April 11, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 14.

WHEN VIOLINIST Isaac Stern co-founded the Jerusalem Music Centre in 1976, he wanted to attract the highest-caliber musicians both to teach master classes and to perform. In the past six years he has succeeded, with the roster of visiting performers including the likes of pianist Gina Bachauer, violinist Jaime Laredo, guitarist Alexandre Lagoya, conductor Zubin Mehta, and cellist Pablo Casals (who gave his last public performance at the center).

Another of Stern's guests was flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, surely a superstar in a league with the center's other visiting artists. This month, ARTS presents both Stern and Rampal in a concert videotaped at the center. The performance includes Mozart's two flute concertos with Rampal, of course, on flute. Stern conducts the supporting musicians from the Israel Philharmonic. This will be the first time an American TV audience will see Stern conducting.

Verdi in London

Luisa Miller
ARTS, April 18, 9:00 PM.

THE YEARS 1851 to 1853 were productive for Giuseppe Verdi. This fertile period saw the blossoming of the composer's talent in three operas that would insure his fame—*Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*. And yet this was not a sudden outburst of mature music: Verdi's skill had been hinted at, quite clearly, two years earlier, in *Luisa Miller*. First produced at the Teatro San Carlo in Naples on December 8, 1849, *Luisa Miller*, while not entering the class of masterworks, showed Verdi edging closer and closer. The third act especially, with its somber opening chorus and its closing trio, indicated a new depth in Verdi's art.

Domingo and Ricciarelli in *Luisa Miller*.

When ARTS presents *Luisa Miller* this month it will have the benefit of a noteworthy cast. Katia Ricciarelli, in the title role, and Placido Domingo, as Rodolfo, star as the ill-fated lovers. Renato Bruson is Miller, Luisa's father, and Gwynne Howell is Count Walter, Rodolfo's father, who together with the villainous Wurm (Richard Von Allan)

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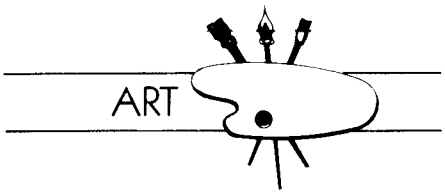
schemes to keep the lovers apart. Taped live at London's Royal Opera House, this production will be under the baton of American conductor Lorin Maazel, who next fall will take over the helm of the Vienna State Opera.

The Return of Mack the Knife

The Threepenny Opera
CBS Cable, April 29, 8:30 PM. Repeats April 30.

FIVE YEARS after the premiere of *The Threepenny Opera*, it all but disappeared. Banned by the Nazis as subversive in 1933, a ban that included demands for foreign nations to return all scores to Germany for destruction, the opera had to wait more than 20 years until a 1955 off-Broadway production firmly established it once again as both high art and ironic social commentary. *The Threepenny Opera* is probably the finest collaborative effort of two giants of 20th-century German culture, playwright Bertolt Brecht and composer Kurt Weill. Modernizing John Gay's 1728 play, *The Beggar's Opera*, and borrowing ballads from Villon and Kipling, Brecht created a work that assaulted the hypocrisy and duplicity of "respectable" society. His story of the underworld in turn-of-the-century London featured the typical Brechtian fusion of polemic and entertainment, though the fusion here is more successful than in many of his other efforts. Weill's jazzy melodies are at once strident and catchy; songs like "The Ballad of Mack the Knife" have helped make the show an enduring success.

CBS Cable presents a further collaboration this month when it airs the movie version of *The Threepenny Opera* that Brecht and Weill made, featuring Weill's wife, the late Lotte Lenya, under German director G.W. Pabst in 1931. Pabst was one of the most influential German Expressionist filmmakers of that period, perhaps best known for his 1929 movie with Louise Brooks, *Pandora's Box*. Because this version of Brecht and Weill's show is an early example of a "talkie," it may seem somewhat primitive to modern audiences. But Brecht, Weill, and Pabst's achievement is evocative of an era, and, as such, is a precious historical and artistic document.



Alphonse Mucha. The life and art of the Moravian painter are explored in this documentary. *ARTS, April 4, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 8.*

Poussin. The 17th-century French painter, Nicolas Poussin, as seen through his works at the Louvre. *TeléFrance, April 5, 11:30 PM. Repeats April 6.*

Art for Pleasure's Sake. Edwin Mullens uses the collection of London's National Gallery in the first of a 12-part series tracing the history of art. *English Channel, April 11, 1:30 PM.*

Caravaggio. A documentary on the Italian Renaissance painter. *ARTS, April 11, 10:00 PM. Repeats April 15.*

Soft Self-Portrait. The life and art of 20th-century surrealist painter Salvador Dali. *ARTS, April 12, 10:00 PM. Repeats April 16.*

Sonia Delaunay. The life and colorful geometric work of the early-20th-century painter. *TéléFrance, April 12, 11:30 PM. Repeats April 13.*

Turner—The Sun Is God. English painter J.M.W. Turner: a dramatized documentary. *ARTS, April 14, 9:00 PM.*

André Kertesz. A look at the photographer and his pictures. *TeléFrance, April 19, 11:30 PM. Repeats April 20.*

Stars and Stripes. George Balanchine's ballet, set to the music of John Philip Sousa, performed by the New York City Ballet. *ARTS, April 2, 9:00 PM.*

Peter Martins: A Dancer. A documentary on the New York City Ballet star. *ARTS, April 2, 9:30 PM.*

Stars of the Russian Ballet. Excerpts from performances by the Bolshoi and Leningrad ballet companies, with Galina Ulanova and Maya Plisetskaya. *English Channel, April 3, 12:15 PM.*

The Creation of a Ballet. A documentary on Dutch choreographer Jiri Kylian and his Ballet, *The Overgrown Patch*. *ARTS, April 5, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 9.*

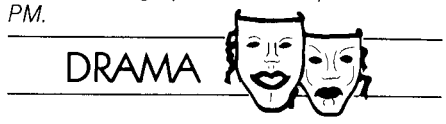
Paul Taylor: Two Landmark Dances. The modern-dance choreographer and his company present *Arden Court* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*. *PBS, April 12, 8:00 PM.*

Pierrot Lunaire. Choreographed by Glen Tetley, Schoenberg's music is danced by the Ballet Rambert. *ARTS, April 12, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 14, 16.*

The Romantic Age. Ballets from the Romantic era (mid-19th century) are performed by Alicia Alonso, Carla Fracci, Ghislaine Thesmar, and Eva Evdokimova. *ARTS, April 19, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 21, 23.*

La Fille Mal Gardee. Frederick Ashton's restaging of the 18th-century French ballet, starring Lesley Collier and Michael Coleman, with the Royal Ballet. *CBS Cable, April 20, 8:30 PM. Repeats April 21.*

Béjart. The life and work of Belgium's foremost choreographer. *ARTS, April 26, 9:00 PM.*



Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-Doré. A five-part adaptation of George Sand's novel about the 17th-century religious wars—a cloak-and-dagger tale of intrigue and romance. *TéleFrance, April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 9:30 PM. Repeats April 3, 10, 17, 24, May 1.*

Present Laughter. Noel Coward's comedy, taped live at London's Vaudeville Theatre, starring Donald Sinden and Dinah Sheridan. *ARTS, April 3, 9:30 PM.*

Brief Lives. Ray Dotrice's one-man show about Elizabethan gossip and chronicler John Aubrey. *English Channel, April 4, 9:00 PM.*

Resurrection of Lady Lester. A drama centered on the last minutes in the life of famous

There are a dozen national networks listed here that offer cultural programs—four broadcast networks and eight cable systems. Because cable packages vary, no single community in the U.S. can receive all of the programs in these listings. Broadcast times listed are Eastern Time, and networks occasionally make last-minute changes. For further information, contact your local station or cable franchise operator. The networks in our listings are:
Broadcast ABC, CBS, NBC, PBS
Cable ARTS, Bravo, CBS Cable, Cinemax
English Channel, HBO (Home Box Office)
Showtime, TéléFrance USA

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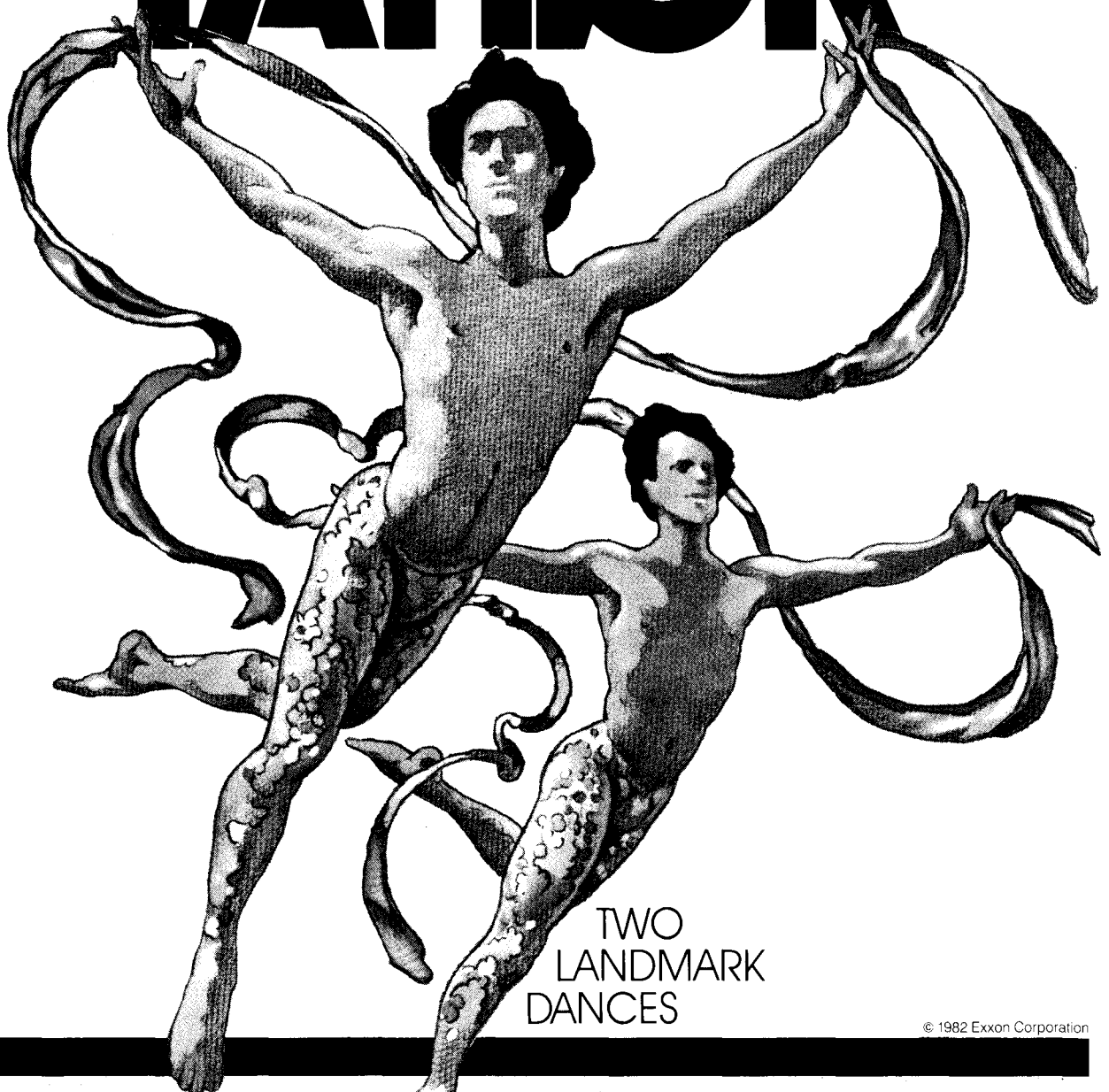

TWO LANDMARK DANCES

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Dance in America presents two new Paul Taylor pieces, already hailed as landmarks. "Le Sacre du Printemps" is two dances in one: a detective adventure set in Chinatown, and a revealing glimpse into a dance company rehearsal. "The hit of the season" raved The New Yorker. "Arden Court" is a virtuoso showpiece set to buoyant 18th-century music. Both works were captured in performance at the 1981 American Dance Festival.

Monday, April 12 at 8 PM on Great Performances
On your local PBS station

EXXON

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Selected Listings

jazz saxophonist Lester Young. *CBS Cable, April 4, 8:00 PM.*

Lorenzaccio. Musset's play, adapted by Jean Pierre Bouvier, about 16th-century Florence and the unscrupulous Lorenzo de Medici. *TéléFrance, April 4, 9:00 PM.*

Medal of Honor Rag. Tom Cole's drama describes a Vietnam veteran, the winner of a Congressional Medal of Honor, who has fallen apart upon returning to civilian life. Starring Hector Elizondo, Damien Leake. *PBS, April 6, 9:00 PM.*

The Haggadah. Playwright Elizabeth Swados, creator of *Runaways,* turns to Hebrew lore in this work, presented by Joseph Papp. *ARTS, April 6, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 7, 10.*

The Plough and the Stars. Sean O'Casey's play, set at the time of Ireland's 1916 Easter Uprising, sparked riots when it was first performed in 1926. *ARTS, April 7, 9:00 PM.*

My Body, My Child. Vanessa Redgrave stars in this drama about a middle-aged Catholic schoolteacher who must confront the issue of abortion. *ABC, April 12, 9:00 PM.*

Shades. Three plays by Samuel Beckett, and documentary footage of the Irish playwright. *ARTS, April 13, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 17.*

Working. Stephen Schwartz and Nina Faso's musical adaptation of Studs Terkel's book becomes a series of odes to working people, starring James Taylor Rita Moreno, Patti Labelle, Barry Bostwick, and Scatman Cruthers. *PBS, April 13, 9:00 PM.*

Wedding Band. Joseph Papp presents Alice Childress's drama, starring Ruby Dee, J.D. Cannon, Eileen Heckart, and Clarice Taylor. *ARTS, April 13, 10:15 PM. Repeats April 17.*

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Molière's satiric extravaganza, as presented by a cast from the Comédie Francaise under Pierre Badel. *TéléFrance, April 18, 9:00 PM.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The latest in the series of BBC Shakespeare productions. *PBS, April 19, 8:00 PM.*

Charley's Aunt. Brandon Thomas's perennial hit is presented in a new British television adaptation by Eric Sykes. *CBS Cable, April 19, 8:30 PM. Repeats April 20.*

Tennessee Williams. The life and work of the American playwright. *ARTS, April 20, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 24.*

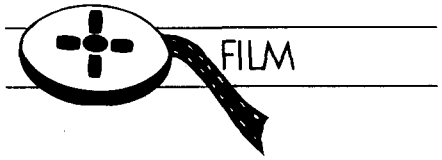
Kiss Me, Petruchio. This documentary on the New York Shakespeare Festival's *Taming of the Shrew* includes performance footage of and interviews with stars Meryl Streep and Raul Julia. *ARTS, April 20, 10:55 PM. Repeats April 24.*

The Gin Game. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn star in this Pulitzer Prize-winning play about an aging couple. *Showtime, April 25, 12:15 PM.*

Lotte Lenya. A documentary on the late singer-actress, including clips of her performances and a discussion with Lenya about her husband, Kurt Weill. *ARTS, April 26, 10:00 PM.*

Reunion and Dark Pony. Two one-act plays about father-daughter relationships, written by playwright David Mamet, starring Michael Higgins and Lindsay Crouse. *ARTS, April 27, 9:00 PM.*

The Dance and the Railroad. Henry David Hwang's play, produced by Joseph Papp, describes the Chinese-American experience and the pull of old cultural traditions and new ways. *ARTS, April 27, 11:00 PM.*



Fontamara. Carlo Lizzani's 1979 film of Ignazio Silone's novel about an Italian youth who flees the unrest of his small town at the beginning of the Fascist era, only to be brutalized in the big city. *CBS Cable, April 1, 8:30 PM. Repeats April 2.*

La Cage aux Folles. A sensitive and entertaining French comedy about homosexuals that is the most successful foreign film ever released in the U.S. *Cinemax, April 6, 10:00 PM.*

La Vielle Dame Indigne (The Shameless Old Lady). Renè Allio's spare, lyrical film of an old lady on a final spree, starring Sylvie, Malka Ribowska, and Victor Lanoux. *TéléFrance, April 7, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 8.*

The Brothers Karamozov. Richard Brooks's 1958 version of Dostoyevski's drama about the sons of a domineering father, starring Yul Brynner, Lee J. Cobb, Maria Schell, and Claire Bloom. *Showtime, April 8, 10:00 AM.*

Lady Sings the Blues. Diana Ross as Billie Holliday, the legendary jazz singer who spent her life battling drug addiction. *HBO, April 10, 9:00 PM.*

Xala. Directed and adapted by Ousmane Sembene from his novel, a humorous but searing satire about modern Africa, it is the work of a writer "on his way to becoming an African Molière," according to *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll. *TéléFrance, April 11, 9:30 PM.*

Despair. Rainer Fassbinder's 1979 movie about a Russian émigré living in Germany under Nazi rule. Vladimir Nabokov's novel is adapted by Tom Stoppard, and the film stars Dirk Bogarde. *HBO, April 13, 1:35 AM.*

Thomas l'Imposteur. From Jean Cocteau's novel, Georges Franju's 1964 film is a powerful story of World War I. *TéléFrance, April 14, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 15.*

Aguirre: The Wrath of God. Werner Herzog's forceful film about conquistadors searching for El Dorado, starring Klaus Kinski. *CBS Cable, April 15, 8:30 PM.*

Jules and Jim. Three people in love—François Truffaut's 1961 masterpiece with Jeanne Moreau. *Cinemax, April 20, 8:00 PM.*

Ascenseur pour l'Echaffaud (Elevator to the Gallows). Louis Malle's first film recounts the story of a perfect crime gone awry. A new-wave movie with the music of Miles Davis, starring Jeanne Moreau and Maurice Ronet. *TéléFrance, April 21, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 22.*

Ten Days' Wonder. Claude Chabrol's mysterious mood piece, starring Orson Welles, Anthony Perkins, and Marlene Joubert. *CBS Cable, April 22, 8:30 PM.*

A Doll's House. Claire Bloom, Anthony Hopkins, and Ralph Richardson star in this 1973 film of Ibsen's classic drama about a subservient wife. *Bravo, April 23, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 28.*

La Salamandre. Alain Tanner's 1971 movie about two young screenwriters trying to capture the story of a murder suspect. *TéléFrance, April 25, 9:30 PM.*

La Pharisienne (The Pharisee). A self-righteous Christian woman discovers love in Francois Mauriac's adaptation of his own novel. *TéléFrance, April 26, 10:00 PM. Repeats April 27.*

Les Amants (The Lovers). In Louis Malle's 1958 movie, the empty life of a provincial wife, played by Jeanne Moreau, is changed by a night of love. *TéléFrance, April 28, 10:30 PM. Repeats April 29.*

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CULTURAL TV

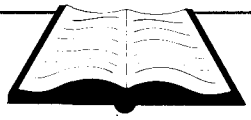
Selected Listings

All That Jazz. Bob Fosse's fantasy autobiography about the life of a choreographer. The movie is uneven, but the dancing is breathtaking. *Showtime, April 29, 8:00 PM.*

Return of the Secaucus 7. John Sayles's recent low-key but perceptive film about a reunion of college friends proves that not all worthwhile movies are big-budget extravaganzas. *Cinemax, April 29, 9:00 PM.*

Mon Oncle d'Amérique. The 1980 New York Film Critics Award-winner for Best Foreign Film, this psychological comic drama directed by Alain Resnais stars Gérard Dépardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre. *Bravo, April 30, 8:00 PM.*

LITERATURE



Conversations on the Arts and Letters. Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin host a discussion of images of women, with guests Erica Jong, Colette Dowling, and Nora Ephron. *ARTS, April 1, 11:25 PM.*

MUSIC

Aspen Festival Orchestra. Pianist Misha Dichter joins the orchestra in Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, with Jorge Mester conducting. *Bravo, April 1, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 14, 19.*

Peter Grimes. Benjamin Britten's opera about an outcast fisherman, with Jon Vickers. *ARTS, April 1, 9:00 PM.*

Roman Festival. The National Orchestra of France, under Lorin Maazel, performs music by Ottorino Respighi. *ARTS, April 2, 10:30 PM.*

La Stupenda. A documentary on opera star Joan Sutherland. *ARTS, April 4, 9:00 PM. Repeats April 8.*

Backstage at the New York City Opera. Beverly Sills leads a backstage tour as the company prepares for a performance of Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda. Bravo, April 5, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 15, 24.*

Schubert's Mass No. 6 in E-Flat Major. Performed by the Hofmusikkapelle Orchestra and Men's Choir and the Vienna Boys Choir. *PBS, April 5, 8:00 PM.*

Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society. Under the direction of Charles Wadsworth, the Lincoln Center group performs works by Torelli and Saint-Saëns. Barbara Hendricks joins them for Thomas Arne's *The Morning* and Bach's *Schafe Können Sicher Wieden. CBS Cable, April 9, 8:30 PM.*

Lucia di Lammermoor. The New York City Opera presents Donizetti's opera of love and death, murder and madness. *PBS, April 10, 8:00 PM.*

Tales of Hoffmann. Offenbach's opera of a poet's ill-fated loves, filmed at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, with Placido Domingo in the lead role. *Bravo, April 11, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 21.*

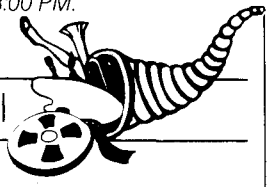
Early Musical Instruments: Reed Instruments. David Munrow, at Ordsall Hall in Lancaster, England, traces the development of reed instruments. The first in a six-part series. *English Channel, April 18, noon.*

Meeting of the Spirits. Featuring guitarists John McLoughlin, Paco Da Lucia, and Larry Coryell, this classical/jazz concert was recorded at Royal Albert Hall, London. *ARTS, April 21, 9:00 PM.*

Lazar Berman. The Russian pianist in West Germany performing an all-Beethoven program that includes Sonata No. 8 in C Minor, Op. 13 and Sonata No. 18 in E-Flat Major, Op. 31, No. 3. *Bravo, April 25, 8:00 PM.*

Brahms's Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major. Performed by the Vienna Philharmonic under Claudio Abbado, Maurizio Pollini soloist. *PBS, April 26, 8:00 PM.*

POTPOURRI



Bravo Magazine. The arts in Boston: The Boston Ballet and the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. *Bravo, April 4, 8:00 PM. Repeats April 17, 23, 27.*

When I Think of Russia. Six Russian writers, performers, and artists in exile, including poet Joseph Brodsky, pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, and dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov, discuss their separation from their homeland. *CBS Cable, April 7, 8:30 PM. Repeats April 8.*

Stages. An overview of Canadian performing arts, including dancers, actors, and mimes who are little-known in the U.S. *English Channel, April 18, 9:00 PM.*

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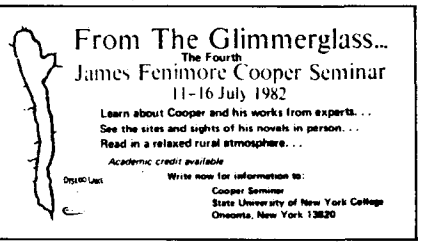
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SR Competition No. 31

We swear upon our honor as judge that the following utterances were taken down verbatim from real life:
1) "I don't want to get bread elbow."
2) "Stop thumping the fish's eye."
3) "Maybe I could move your alligator over the blood."

The first was said by a man who, having once had tennis elbow, declined to throw bread to seagulls. The second and third were said by our wife, who thought we might damage a friend's stuffed marlin, and that she might save our new knit shirt, which we had stained on a razor nick. These examples prove, we think, that the notorious grammar exercises of the "La Plume de Ma Tante" variety are nothing when compared to the unpremeditated surrealism of ordinary life. Send us three strange sentences actually heard by you and describe the circumstances as briefly as possible. Cute sayings of grandchildren, while not absolutely excluded, do tend to aggravate our W.C. Fields syndrome.

Entries for Competition No. 31 must be received by April 28 and the winners will be announced in the July issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 31, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

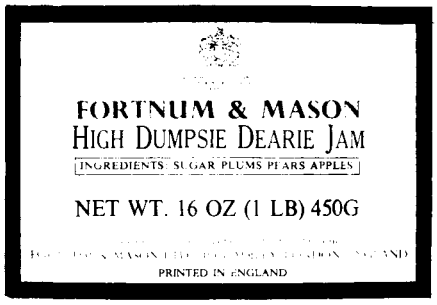
Winners of No. 28

First, our confiteor. We have eaten snails. We have eaten horse. We have eaten oysters that flinched when the lemon was applied. But, reader, unless your stomach is made of sterner stuff than ours, proceed at your own risk. We asked contestants to send in food names, menus, recipes, etc. that were disgusting, or funny, or in some way discouraging to ingestion.

Some general observations. A number of readers wondered nervously what it was that cured ham had to be cured *of*, and several more reminded us that a mountain oyster is not, as we had once supposed, the same as a prairie oyster, that delicious cocktail upon which Sally Bowles used to subsist in Berlin bars. (It is the testicle of a lamb.) Persons given to munching on a confection known as Poppycock are not likely to be obliged to Betty King of Laramie, Wyoming, who discovered its derivation from the Dutch *pappekak*, meaning "soft dung." Speaking of which, however reluctantly, we learn from Joan Clark of Sacramento that a company in her town produces potato chips called "Buffalo Chips." Bon appetit!

To our winners. First prize goes to Alice Moell of Los Angeles, whose vigilant reading of the California Administrative Code reveals that a new fish, the Pacific red snapper, first spawned on the banks of the California Senate and subsequently found in markets and on menus throughout that state, is now the single official name for *12* related fish who once answered to less appetizing names such as "widow rockfish," "chilipepper," and "cowcod."

Second prize to Ruth Goldschlager of Plainview, New York, for sending us the label reproduced here:



This slightly hysterical name somehow strikes us as the antithesis of the roast beef of Old England. We see it as being spooned out, with a limp wrist, by Ronald Firbank: "More High Dumpthie Dearie, dear...?"

And we are grateful to third-prize winner Dr. J. L. Kaufman of Los Angeles, who sent us this label from a can of *foul mudammas*.

This is no doubt delicious—like the emulsified raw chicken with kidney and sex glands removed, for which we thank Gretchen Sharpless of Jefferson, Louisiana. But we just ate and couldn't touch another thing.

Before we all starve in a fit of daintiness, let us heed the message from Edwards Cleaveland of Littleton, Colorado. He recalls a diner who, offered some ox tongue, replied, "I wouldn't eat anything that came out of an animal's mouth! Give me some fried eggs."

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 176

JADED BY POMPLY FZD IFIDZJ BZ RABOQAFFQ MADZ JAD QFFE FXDZY PZQ ODJY JAD WCJCED BZ.

VEPAPI VEDDZD

Wit Twister No. 188

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _____ of both our Sunday papers
Were _____ for their kinky midnight capers
And, finding their careers reduced to rubble,
Blamed _____ pills for causing all the trouble!

Richard P. Monley
Birmingham, Michigan

Answers next month

March Answers

Literary Crypt No. 175

Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.

J.F. Kennedy

Wit Twister No. 187

mental, mantle, mantel, lament

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 217

Kitty Kelley: Elizabeth Taylor

Elizabeth enjoyed the extravagant image and helped cultivate it on occasion. In describing one of their houses, she said, "It's such a cozy, sweet place with bits and pieces around—bits and pieces of Renoir—and, you know, things that make it homey."

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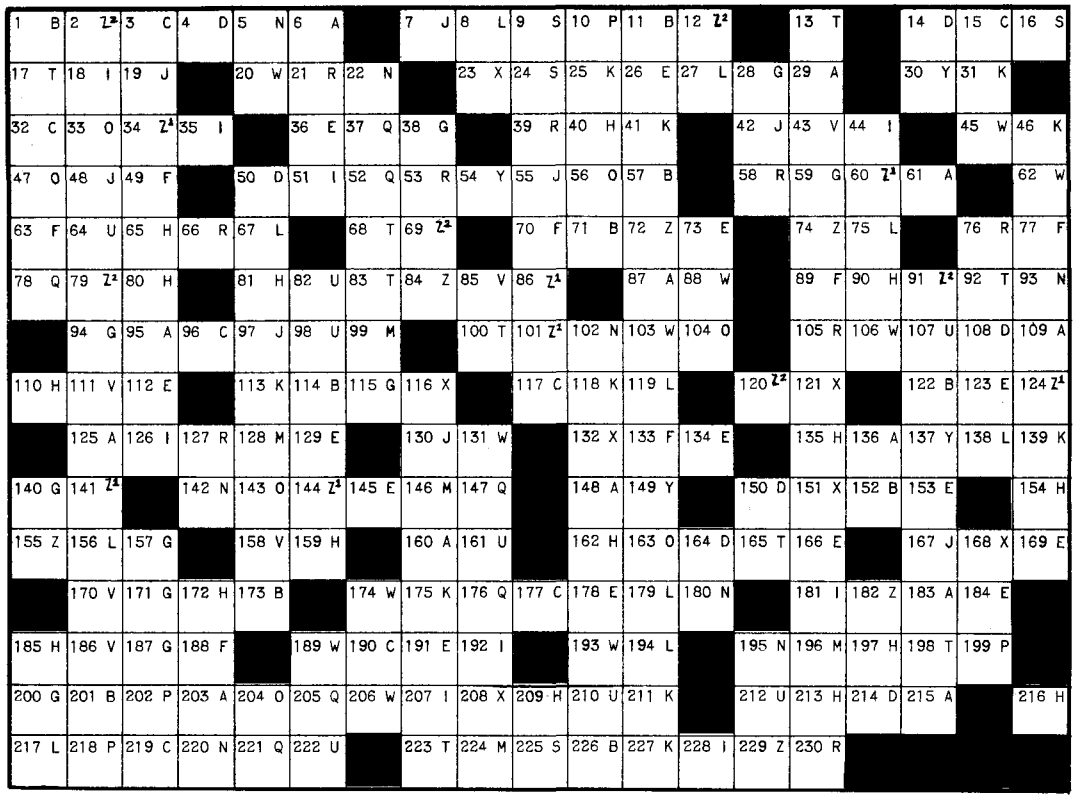
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No. 218

CLUES	WORDS
A. Kit and caboodle; works (2 wds.)	6 61 87 95 109 136 160 29 125 148 183 203 215
B. Okey-doke, hunky-dory, jake, right as rain (hyph.)	71 114 122 152 173 201 226 1 57 11
C. Urban district, southeast Wales, birthplace of Aneurin Bevan (2 wds.)	15 32 96 117 177 190 219 3
D. Grouping of clans or other social units within a tribe	50 108 150 164 214 4 14
E. Shakespearean play possibly written with Fletcher (3 wds.)	123 134 145 169 36 73 129 166 178 191 112 153 26 184
F. Blarney, soft soap	188 49 63 70 77 89 133
G. Buttercup or goldenseal, e.g.	157 171 28 38 59 94 115 140 187 200
H. Another term for orange hawkweed (2 wds.)	172 209 65 110 135 159 162 197 213 81 90 185 216 40 80 154
I. Delicate starch used for thickening soups and gravies	228 44 51 126 181 192 207 18 35
J. Ruckus, to-do, stir	42 55 130 167 7 48 97 19
K. West African republic (2 wds.)	25 46 139 175 113 227 31 118 211 41
L. Gross abusiveness	67 138 156 179 194 217 8 27 75 119
M. Ordinary; stale	128 196 224 99 146
N. Most debilitated or weak	195 220 5 22 93 102 180 142

CLUES	WORDS
O. "—— Lady": Gus Kahn-Richard Whiting song of 1925	143 204 56 104 33 163 47
P. Rich, friable soil	199 202 10 218
Q. Cleopatra's needle, e.g.	37 205 52 147 176 221 78
R. Amusing; jocular	105 21 53 66 76 58 39 127 230
S. Imperfection	225 16 24 9
T. Touchy, testy	68 83 13 100 165 198 223 17 92
U. Beer buckets; large icebergs	107 210 161 212 98 82 64 222
V. Black metallic substance used to fill an incised design for an ornamental effect	111 158 85 170 186 43
W. German poet (1788-1857) leader of the late romantics	103 106 20 189 45 62 174 193 206 88 131
X. Physical exercise	23 168 116 208 121 151 132
Y. Hue	30 54 137 149
Z. Countess in "Twelfth Night"	155 229 74 84 182 72
Z¹. Beginning to exist or develop	141 34 86 60 124 144 101
Z². Sails; ropes for trimming sails	12 2 79 91 120 69

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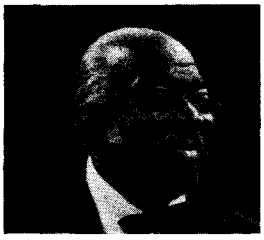

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Books

Fiction

Levitation: Five Fictions, by Cynthia Ozick (Alfred A. Knopf, 158 pp., $11.50). Ozick writes magically about magical events. Her stories are elusive, mysterious, and disturbing. They shimmer with intelligence, they glory in language, and they puzzle.

The Mosquito Coast, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, 374 pp., $13.95). In Allie Fox, Theroux has created an epic American hero in the tradition of Benjamin Franklin, Captain Ahab, and Huey Long. Set in New England and Latin America, this is Theroux's finest novel to date.

Bodily Harm, by Margaret Atwood (Simon & Schuster, 266 pp., $13.95). Atwood has created a sophisticated, superbly orchestrated allegorical novel about a freelance journalist whose dispassionate view of life is undone by her own breast cancer. A rich, fully realized book.

Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant, by Anne Tyler (Alfred A. Knopf, 285 pp., $13.50). Gone is the jaunty, madcap mood of *Morgan's Passing*, as Tyler has turned inward and tightened her focus to write a stunning psychological portrait of a family estranged from itself.

Distant Relations, by Carlos Fuentes (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 225 pp., $11.95). In its brilliantly conceived permutations and transfigurations, *Distant Relations* is typical Fuentes—dense and mysterious and, finally, unresolved.

Headbirths, or the Germans Are Dying Out, by Günter Grass (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 144 pp., $9.95). This new novel by the author of *The Tin Drum* is broadly entertaining enough to satisfy the most strenuous and demanding of Grass's faithful readers, yet is accessible to the beginner.

Nobody's Angel, by Thomas McGuane (Random House, 212 pp., $14.50; paperback, $6.95). Although McGuane's sixth novel, about characters stranded amid the remorseless vistas of Montana, is so emotionally and stylistically compressed that his vision seems myopic, the book has wit and inventiveness.

To See You Again, by Alice Adams (Alfred A. Knopf, 285 pp., $13.50). Adams's heroines spend enormous energy looking for good men. In the best of these short stories, the passion is complicated with stiff doses of wisdom and affection.

Nonfiction

Chinabound: A Fifty-Year Memoir, by John King Fairbank (Harper & Row, 480 pp., $17.95). Fairbank, who from the late 1940s to the late 1970s was the single most powerful force in the development of Chinese studies in the United States, has written an engaging memoir that is entertaining, discursive, detailed, and surprising.

Living by Fiction, by Annie Dillard (Harper & Row, 160 pp., $9.95). The author of *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* and *Holy the Firm* argues that modern fiction best interprets the ideas and experiences of the human condition. Her study is bold and provocative.

The Tugman's Passage, by Edward Hoagland (Random House, 209 pp., $12.50). An exhilarating collection of essays by a talented and acute observer, who can write about the urban landscape with the same skill that is always apparent in his nature and travel writing.

The Cosmic Code: Physics as the Language of Nature, by Heinz R. Pagels (Simon & Schuster, 356 pp., $14.95). Pagels, a physicist at Rockefeller University, gracefully takes the reader to the limits of current knowledge in the fast-changing field of physics.

The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions, by George F. Will (Simon & Schuster, 365 pp., $15.50). A master of the telling aphorism, Will—in these newspaper and magazine articles—boils down the malaise and ambiguity of American culture into sentences that are cogently diagnostic.

SR's Phoenix Code

- Excellent
- Very Good
- Good
- Noteworthy

Film

Missing. Costa-Gavras, in his finest political thriller to date, offers us the story of a young American's disappearance during the 1973 coup d'état in Chile, with Jack Lemmon a businessman in search of his son and Sissy Spacek his daughter-in-law. It is a harrowing and heartbreaking story of how American "interests" are protected abroad.

Victor/Victoria. Director Blake Edwards offers us a serious consideration of role-playing in the guise of a lavish, luscious, ribald musical comedy, a splendid entertainment for grown-ups who do or don't know who they are. Julie Andrews, Robert Preston, and others are at their best.

Three Brothers. Director Francesco Rosi uses the framework of a reunion of three men at their mother's funeral to offer us a thoughtful and thought-provoking consideration not only of Italy's present-day social problems but also of the universal agony of reconciling our past with contemporary turbulence.

Deathtrap. Christopher Reeve and Michael Caine continue the fun and deadly games of the Ira Levin stage thriller in Sidney Lumet's adaptation, with some fresh characterizations and first-class performances.

Evil Under the Sun. Still another high-style Agatha Christie novel comes to the screen to delight the Dame's devotees, with Peter Ustinov's Hercule Poirot working his little gray cells, and Maggie Smith and Diana Rigg stealing his show from time to time.

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man. Ugo Tognazzi's portrait of the man who admits he is ridiculous—"but with style"—makes this indecisive Bernardo Bertolucci film worth being frustrated by: Tognazzi, as a self-made industrialist whose son has (or perhaps has not) been kidnapped by terrorists, and Anouk Aimée, as his wife, are superb.

Theater

Dreamgirls (Imperial Theater, New York City). Life—zingy real-fake stage life—leaps out from the stage and never stops whirling in Michael Bennett's

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new hit about a trio of singers (resembling the Supremes) on their way to the top. The book is a patchwork, and the songs are only pleasant, but the singing, especially by Jennifer Holliday, and the superb production are first-rate.

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed by Tommy Tune.

Crimes of the Heart (Golden Theater, New York City). Winner of the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for drama, playwright Beth Henley has a limited but authentic voice. She is a quietly tenacious pursuer of horror, a writer shaken into pitch-black comedy. The only thing that keeps her characters out of asylums is their mad humor about themselves.

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat (Plymouth Theater, New York City). An exuberant and imaginative rock opera based on the biblical adventures of Joseph and his brothers. This lightweight, 90-minute production is colorful, and the performers are energetic. The show proves uniquely engaging to adults and children alike.

Torch Song Trilogy (Actors Playhouse, New York City). Harvey Fierstein's three-play, four-hour evening is the best theater around on the subject of homosexuality. While Fierstein's writing is sometimes gag-tainted, he does present gays sympathetically as people, even for unsympathetic audiences.

Dance

Royal Danish Ballet (Royal Theater, Copenhagen). For travelers abroad, there will be an opportunity to attend a program that features the world premiere of *Night With Waning Moon* along with a performance of the oldest ballet extant, *The Whims of Cupid and of the Ballet Master,* created in 1786 by Vincenzo Galeotti and a lasting favorite for almost two centuries. (Performances throughout April and into May. This world-famous troupe will be coming to the U.S. in June.)

Fifth Annual DanceAfrica Festival (Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York). More than a dozen groups, including several of the foremost Afro-American dance companies, will be joined by soloists from New York, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, and from as far away as Ghana and Guinea. (April 23 through 25.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens (City Center, New York City). This company, one of Canada's three major ballet troupes, last played the City Center more than a decade ago with its smash-hit rock ballet, *Tommy*. This time it returns in repertory including everything from classical and modern dance to balleticized Canadian folklore. (April 7 through 11.)

Records

Liszt: Songs (English EMI ASD 3906*, $11.98, available from German News Co., 220 East 86 Street, New York, NY 10028). Janet Baker so absorbingly personalizes the music she sings that many less-than-great songs become great in her hands, heart, mind, and throat. She plays Liszt's often grandiose songs for real—"Die Lorelei" is a ravishing and harrowing experience—and both she and pianist Geoffrey Parsons make glorious sounds.

Schubert: Piano Sonatas (Desmar SRB 6001*, 6002*, $17.98 each, available only from Desmar, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013). Hard to say which is better, Richard Goode's moving performances of the A and B-flat major posthumous sonatas, or Desmar's magnificent sound duplication. These performances are among the first in a series to be released on high-quality *cassette only*, and Desmar's are the best-sounding cassettes we've heard.

Haydn: Violin Concertos (2-Philips 6769059*, $21.96). Salvatore Accardo plays the three concertos known to be by Haydn vigorously and affectionately—also a violin-harpsichord romp—but the prize-winner here is the B-flat sinfonia concertante that kicks off this set in which the violin is joined by oboe, bassoon, and cello. Accardo also conducts the English Chamber Orchestra.

Shakespeare's Music (Delos 25460, $14.98). The Folger Consort performs Elizabethan, Jacobean, and baroque settings of music associated with the Shakespeare plays. Purcell figures prominently. The stylish ensemble is occasionally abetted by voices. The recording and packaging are a joy.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 4 (London LDR 71019*, $12.98). Vladimir Ashkenazy and the Philharmonia Orchestra render any traces of fat from this startling, severe music and sock it squarely home. They do the same with *Finlandia*, and in *Luonnotar*, a setting of the creation story from the *Kalevala* epic, soprano Elisabeth Söderström sounds like a wonderful, wild bird of the night.

*cassette available

Art

A Mirror of Nature: Dutch Paintings From the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter (Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City). A selection of astonishingly high quality from one of America's leading private collections of 17th-century Dutch art. Van Ruisdael, Saenredam, and van de Velde are among the masters on view. (Through June 20.)

New England Begins: the 17th Century (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston). Six hundred objects—from tables and chairs to paintings and silverware—evoke the life of Puritan New England. Some of these artifacts were brought from Europe, others were made on the spot—including a fascinating array of clothes and utensils crafted by local Indians. (Through August 22.)

Red Grooms (Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.). Six large-scale works of sculpture provide a lively look at one of American art's most adventurous careers. Grooms draws on Cubism, the movies, the funny papers, and even the antique past for these evocations of present-day craziness. (Through May 2.)

American Children (Arkansas Art Center, Little Rock). Organized by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, this exhibition of 60 photographs by such figures as Edward Weston and Dorothea Lange shows childhood in vivid and sometimes disturbing clarity. (Through May 9.)

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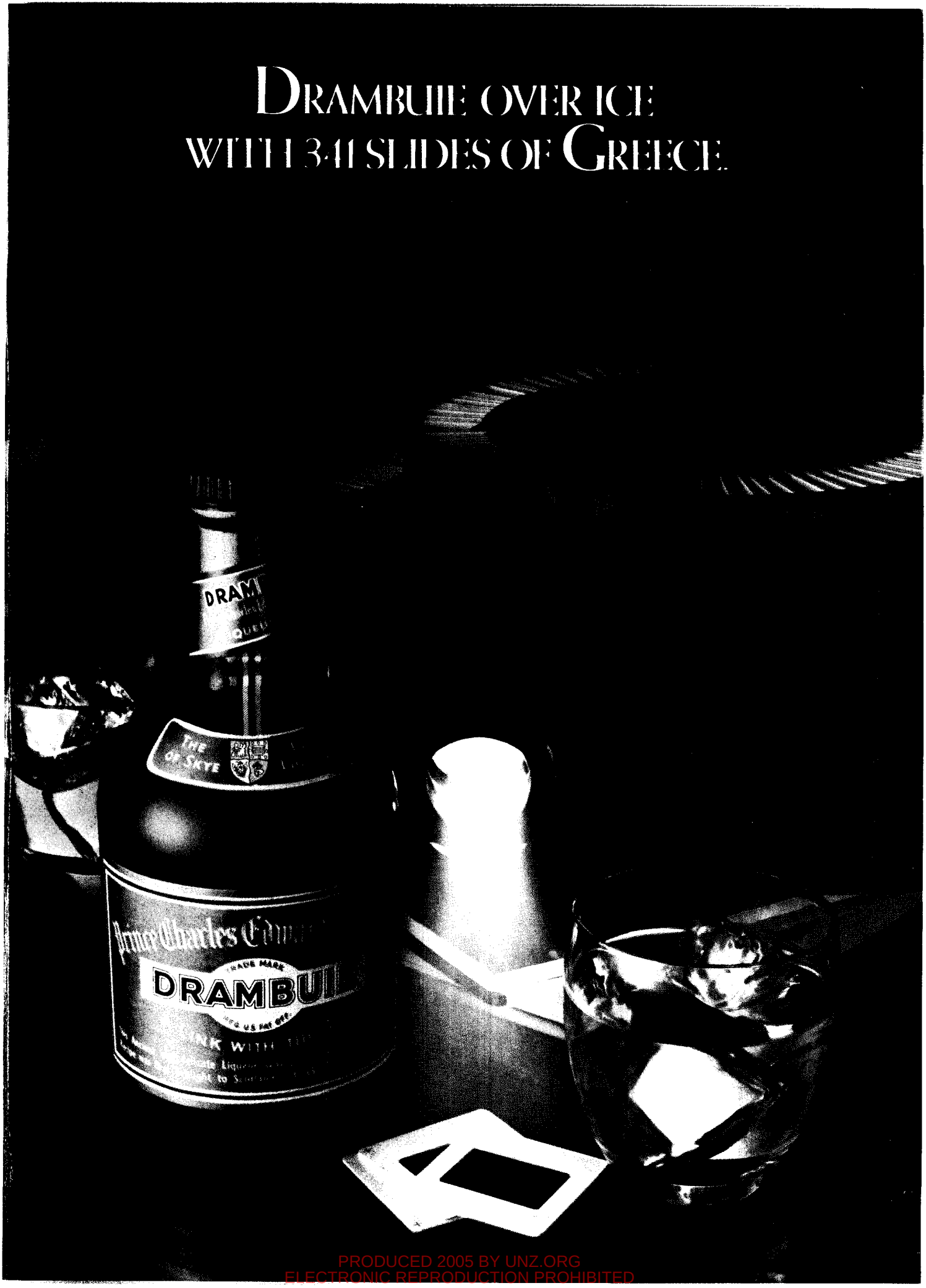
DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH 3-41 SLIDES OF GREECE



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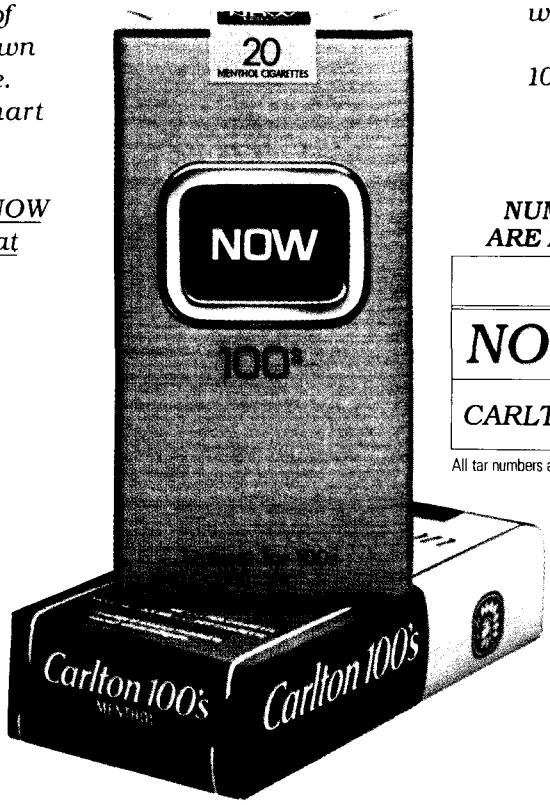

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NOW	2mg	2mg	Less than 0.01mg
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